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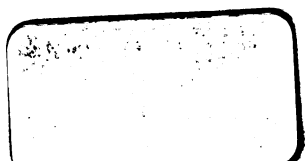
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A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

A Tale of 1848.

BY

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "THE BLOCKADE."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
1871.

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A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD not had time to go to see Emmanuel again ; there had been so many orders during the fortnight that we had been obliged to work all the first Sunday and late on the Monday. But the following Saturday, Monsieur Braconneau told us we should be at liberty the next day, so I dressed myself, and set off early to the hôtel, Rue des Grès.

It was very fortunate I was able, for as soon as Emmanuel caught sight of me he cried out—

"I was just thinking of you, Jean-Pierre. The vacation is drawing near, the examinations have already commenced; I shall pass at the end of this week, and then go home for two months, and I should have been sorry to leave without wishing you good-bye."

So we shook hands; and while he was taking off his dressing-gown, I told him what had prevented me from coming.

"Well, we will go and take a turn," he said; "and we will breakfast at the Palais Royal."

When he said at the Palais Royal, I thought he was joking. He saw what was passing in my mind, and said—

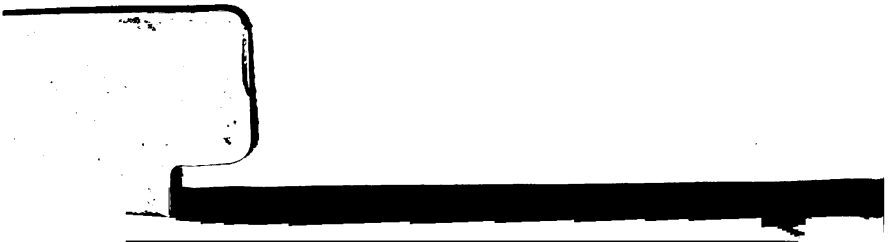
"Oh, I do not mean at Véfour's, we must wait for that till we get a pension from Louis Philippe. We shall go to Tavernier's, you will see what that is."

We went out laughing, and took our way, as before, through the Rue de la Harpe. He led me, however, to look at the *Palais de Justice*, which was shut in by a magnificent iron railing; beyond this railing was a court, and at the end of this court a stair-case which leads into the vestibule, where the lawyers hang up their gowns between the columns. On the right, another stair-case leads to the great hall, called *La Salle des Pas-Perdus*.

Out of this hall, which was very lofty, as well as very large, led the courts of justice of all kinds, for the trial of thieves, and cheats, incendiaries, murderers, and also those lovers of politics, who, finding that everything is not quite right in that way, take upon themselves to try and bring about a few changes. Emmanuel explained it all to me; and I thought the



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idea of meddling with politics was not very likely ever to occur to me.

We left the building by a small staircase at the back, that leads to an open space in the centre of the Pont-Neuf.* When we had crossed this *place*, we saw the statue of Henry IV. just before us, and beyond the splendid palace of the Louvre, which had struck me so much when I beheld it for the first time. It seemed to me more beautiful than ever; and I really do not believe there can be a finer city view in the world than this:—The river, with its succession of bridges! The Louvre! The Tuileries! The gilded gates! The verdant trees and gardens! The Arc de Triomphe in the far distance! No, nothing can give a finer idea of the handiwork of man.

* The Pont-neuf consists, as it were, of two bridges, on a line with each other.

I said so to Emmanuel; he remarked that we were now only looking at the outside of the palaces; that the interiors were far more splendid, and that in them were collected the most precious things in the whole world. I did not know how to believe it.

We continued our walk, and soon came to the great quadrangle of the Louvre; and I contemplated with delight those beautiful statues, high up, by the clock; representing the most lovely women, standing two and two, with their arms entwined together like sisters, and at least thirty feet in height. It is a splendid sight!

We crossed the noble court, and went out at the arch-way on the opposite side, towards the Tuileries, and found ourselves in a great open space, littered with old hovels no better than those in the Cloitre

Saint Benoit, and I certainly did not like the look of them. There were print-sellers, dealers in old clothes, old iron, and such like; there were parrots, pigeons, and monkeys for sale, screaming and whistling; and even pole-cats, that diffused anything but a sweet odour around.

I could not think how it was that such a filthy place should exist between two magnificent palaces; but Emmanuel told me, that these people would not sell their shops to the town, and that everybody is free to live in dirt if he likes it.

Naturally I found that very fair, but at the same time, I thought it disgraceful.

When we had done looking at this place, which was really like a village fair, Emmanuel took my arm, saying—

“Come along! We have an hour to

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spare before breakfast. You must go and see the picture galleries at the Louvre."

I had often heard of a picture gallery, but I had no idea what it was like, so I was delighted to go.

We entered the vestibule with a high arched roof; from it branch off other roofs, and the entrances to the apartments beneath are shut in by folding doors, covered with green cloth. Close by one of these doors a porter was seated, whom I took at first for some officer under government, on account of his cocked hat, fine coat, red velvet breeches, white stockings, and his solemn looks; but he was a porter all the same. I have seen many others since, dressed like him; they do nothing but sit still, and just walk up and down to stretch their legs when they please.

A lady took care of the walking-sticks

and umbrellas at a charge of two sous each ; when we had given her ours, we ascended a stair-case five yards wide, at the least ; and with paintings all over the ceiling above. You could not help feeling you were somebody as you went up, you thought to yourself, here I am, going up this splendid staircase, and I have a right to do so.

But the staircase was nothing to what came after ! When you reached the great room, lighted by glass windows as white as snow, and which showed to the best advantage numberless pictures,—trees, and fields, and figures, in spring, autumn, and winter, according as the painter had represented them ; so beautiful, so natural, that you would have thought they were the very things themselves.

Ah, yes ! it is really wonderful, to think

that with canvas and colours alone, men can put before you all times and seasons,—sunrise, sun-set, moonlight, land, and water, in every variety, and with every detail. That is the fruit of genius and learning combined, and in presence of it we exclaim—“Happy they who have so studied as to leave such works, after their death, to be the pride and glory of the human race.”

We walked about this large gallery as quietly as if it had been a church, and we could hear every step on the polished oak floor. Emmanuel told me the names of the painters in a low voice, and I kept thinking what geniuses they were,—what grand ideas they had,—and how vividly they have painted them.

I remember there was, in this room, the Emperor Napoleon on horseback, in the

midst of the snow, raising his eyes to heaven, and the dead and wounded lying all around. It made your blood run cold to look at it. This is one of the things that made the greatest impression on me ; but these terrible pictures, that are enough to give one a horror of war, did not please me as well as the fields and meadows, the oxen, and the little inns where people sat drinking before the door in the shade ; you could see they were good honest folk ; and you would have liked to join the company.

The representations of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Injustice of Herod and Pontius Pilate, and also of the sufferings of The Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and Saints, made one quite sad.

However, there are pictures to suit all tastes, and people can look at the

sorrowful ones, or the joyous ones, just which they like best.

We went out of the great room into a gallery, at least a quarter of a league in length, and then into another,—it seemed to me there was no end to them. Emmanuel went on explaining; but the sight of so many things bewildered me, and as more and more people were coming in, he said, all at once,—“ I think it is breakfast-time, Jean-Pierre.”

We were a good quarter of an hour returning through the galleries; and, if the truth must be said, I was glad to be out in the fresh air again. It was too much at a time; and then, too, I was hungry, and anxious to sit down before something more solid than paintings.

We were not very far from the Palais-Royale, and we took our way to it, across

the Rue St. Honoré. We caught glimpses, in passing, of the Galerie d'Orléans, the garden, and the fountain; but what was more agreeable to me, at that moment, was Tavernier's sign, which Emmanuel pointed out to me under one of the arcades.

We went up-stairs, and though the dinner at Ober's was good, I perceived a great difference here.

This was a real Parisian restaurant, rich in gilding, and amply lighted. There were little tables,—covered with snow-white cloths,—ranged all along between the lofty windows; and, in fact, all around showed how agreeably people live in Paris who have plenty of money.

As soon as we had taken our seats, the waiters came up to us. Emmanuel ordered Seltzer water, wine, melon, meats, and desert; and if I had not read the prices of

the different things on the bill of fare, as they were called for, I should have thought we were going to be ruined. Well, it only came, altogether, to between three and four francs for us both !

When we had done breakfast, we went down to take our coffee in the garden, where all the people were ; we sat at one of the little cast-iron tables, Emmanuel had bought some cigars, and we smoked and looked round us at the pretty women as though we had been men of property. It was all very well for a law student, but I was half ashamed of looking so grand.

However, that is what life is in Paris ; perhaps, some of the ladies and gentlemen around me, who were ordering the waiters about, were not even as good as myself.

It was very hot, and everything, even the trees, was white with dust ; a few

drops of rain fell about two o'clock, and everybody made haste to get under the arcades ; we did like the rest, but Emmanuel said it would not be much, and that we would take an omnibus and go to the Arc-de-Triomphe ; and so we did.

The omnibuses go from one end of Paris to the other for six sous. You have only to make a sign, and they stop for you, the attendant helps you in, and there you are, seated on cushions stuffed with horse-hair, with ladies and gentlemen by your side, while the horses gallop, and the rain pours down.

Such inventions prove that every accommodation is studied.

“ We had been in the omnibus about ten minutes, when the sun began to come out, and Emmanuel held up his hand, as much as to say “ stop.”

We got down in a great open space, surrounded by public walks and gardens. The *Place de la Concorde*. I wish I could give you any idea of it. There are its two bronze fountains, its obelisk, which is a single stone that was brought from Egypt, at least a hundred feet high, and covered with inscriptions cut into it. There are its statues, ranged all around, representing the principal cities of France, under the figures of women, seated on cannons, and cannon-balls, ships, and other emblems.

Then there is the garden and palace of the Tuileries on one side, the Champs Elysées, and the Arc de Triomphe on the other ; the Madeleine Church on the right ; the Seine, and the Chamber of Deputies on its banks, on the left, but no words of mine can describe this immense square, so I had better say at once that it is one of

the wonders of the world, and that there the richest carriages drive, the most elegant gentlemen and ladies walk, displaying their wealth, and looking at each other to see who has the finest horses and who the most splendid dresses.

As you go up the Champs Elysées, you catch glimpses through the trees of hundreds of mansions, the residences of the wealthiest classes ; and on the other side, across the river, you see the noble dome of the *Invalides*.

Under the trees, as you walk along, you see all kinds of amusements for children, Punch and Judy shows, flying coaches, games of all sorts, and shows of wild beasts—we passed all that.

There were marble statues in every direction, and I remember particularly two, at the entrance of the principal avenue, that

each represented a fine naked figure, catching at the bridle of a wild horse, that was rearing on its hind legs, with mane erect ready to break away. Emmanuel said these were master-pieces, and I was ready enough to believe him.

But the finest thing of all, as you stand there, is the "Arc de Triomphe," which stands on the elevated ground at the far end of the avenue, so distant that it looks a pale gray against the sky, upon which its superb proportions stand clearly out, so that the centre opening as high as a house, and the two smaller openings each side can be plainly discerned.

When you draw near, you see how beautiful and how grand this triumphal arch is. The lists of our victories which are inscribed there are fifty yards in length ; then there is the beauty of the design, the beauty of

the stone, the beauty of the workmanship, the beauty of immensity, the beauty of the sculptures. The exterior is decorated with four groups of colossal figures, and according to what Emmanuel told me, one of the groups that faces Paris represents war, under the figure of a woman who is borne in the arms of soldiers, and who cries "To arms." It is enough to make your hair stand on end. For as you gaze on this woman you fancy you hear her voice, and that Russians and Prussians are coming, and you are ready to rush forward to meet them.

The other group on the opposite side of the centre arch-way, is Glory, in the person of the Emperor Napoleon, on whose head an angel is showering down wreaths, and this, too, is splendid.

On the reverse of the arch is the "Horror

of Invasion," where you see an armed horseman over-riding all at his feet ; and the pendant is the " Joy of Peace," represented by labourers bearing home their sheaves.

That is the explanation Emmanuel gave me, for I was too ignorant to have found it out by myself. The ox, the horse, and the figures, are all most wonderfully executed.

I could go on talking about it for ever ; but there it will stand for ages to come,—and I think, with M. Nivoi, that anyone must see Paris before he can form an idea of the greatness, the strength, and the glory of our country.

We turned our steps homeward, about five o'clock, and took our way through the garden of the Tuileries. There are most beautiful marble statues in every direction ; but as to saying who they represent, I

should be very much puzzled. This garden is planted full of trees that are now in their prime, and in the walks beneath them are crowds of children playing, and adies walking; but for all that, there are great numbers of wood-pigeons flying about, and that even came down on the grass to pick up the crumbs that are thrown to them.

The sight of these birds brings the country to your mind, and you think—
“Ah! if I had your wings, and could live like you, on a few crumbs and seeds, I should not stay here, for all the fine columns, and marbles, and palaces.”

I could not help saying so to my companion, and reminding him how, when we came out of the river in the valley, beneath the Roche Plate, when the forests threw their long shadows over the meadows, we

used to listen to the cooing of the wood-pigeons. They were in couples; but at that time we did not know what they were saying to each other; I know now, and thought how happy they were to be at liberty to fly into the shade and coo together.

Emmanuel bent down his head to listen to what I was saying as we left the garden: I should have liked to talk to him a little about Annette, but I did not dare. My heart was very heavy, and everything seemed to take a sombre hue from my own thoughts, and I had Annette's name at the tip of my tongue. I cast a glance at my companion, who seemed to be thinking too, and so we passed silently through some narrow, dirty streets.

All at once Emmanuel looked up and said—

“Here is the ‘Rosbif,’ Jean-Pierre, let us go in and dine.”

We entered ; it was crammed full of people ; but we got a place under a sort of glass roof at the end.

The dinner was very good, but we had both lost our spirits.

Perhaps Emmanuel was thinking of the approaching examination ; and my thoughts were all at Saverne.

I offered to pay, and that offended him.

“Do you think,” he said, “when I invite an old school-fellow to dine with me, that I mean to let him pay ? It is almost an insult.

I replied that I did not wish to offend him, but that I had work, and it was right I should pay in my turn. He would not allow it, and I was afraid he was really angry ; but as soon as we got out, he took my hand and said—

“I have no greater friend than you, Jean-Pierre. Will you come to the Palais-Royale Theatre?”

I was tired,—so I said that should be for some other time, and we went slowly along the Rue St. Honoré.

I remember, that that evening, Emmanuel pointed out the Place du Châtelet as we passed ; also, the Pont-au-Change, and further on, the Prado ; but that *place* and that bridge bring many things to my mind, of which I shall have to speak hereafter. All I need say now is, that when we reached my door, we embraced like brothers.

I had no hopes of being able to see him off by the diligence in the course of the week, so I wished him a pleasant journey.

CHAPTER II.

I DID not expect to see Emmanuel again till he came back from his holiday ; but, at the end of the week, he came into our workshop, one afternoon, about two o'clock, exclaiming as he entered—

“I have passed, Jean-Pierre !—and I am off ; so I just come to say good-bye.”

He had on a light summer over-coat, and a straw hat, and his eyes sparkled with happiness. All my fellow workmen looked at him as we embraced each other.

I went out into the court with him, and then he said—

"Have you any message for Saverne?"

And I took courage to reply,—

"Kiss Madame Balais for me ; tell her I am well, and in the same place of work ; and the same to father Antoine, Madame Madeleine, and Mademoiselle Annette ; and if you pass the fountain, remember me to Monsieur Nivoi, and tell him how much I wish to thank him for his good advice, and for his recommendation to M. Braconneau, who had not forgotten him."

Then we shook hands, and he went away, crying out, "We shall see each other again in a couple of months," and he jumped into a cab he had waiting at the door for him, and it went down the street at a gallop.

When I came in, Perrignon said—

"That is an old friend of yours?"

"Yes, Monsieur Perrignon, an old school-

fellow,—the son of our Juge-de-Paix. He is a law student.”

“What a fine fellow!—What a nice face!”

That was all he said then; but when we went to dinner, at three o'clock, he began to talk about Emmanuel again; saying, that the professional class and the working classes were all one,—that they had the same interests; but that, unhappily, there were many idle young fellows who came to Paris, to follow their studies, as it is supposed, but who spent the money their parents gave them in the worst possible society, and that they were a disgraceful set.

Quenten and the rest said so too.

He said that the place of young men like Emmanuel was at the head of the people; that their fathers had made the Revolution

of '89, and that their sons were walking in their steps ; that they must keep clear of bad examples, and that the country reckoned on them.

You may fancy how delighted I was to hear such a respectable man as M. Perrignon speak of my friend in those terms.

I remember, that about this time, the disputes in our *caboulot* grew fiercer and fiercer, between the journalists and engravers, and artists ; that they said Michelet and Quinet would not lecture again till after the holidays,—that the strike among the carpenters continued—and the banquets as well ; that Odillon Barrot and Lamartine would stand up for the rights of the people, and I heard them repeat the words “ Peace at any price,” and “ Spanish marriages,” over and over again, and many other things that I did not understand.

When the disputes were at their height, our *caboulot* was as full of noise as a drum ; the very window panes rattled with it,—they stamped their feet, and you would have thought they were going to fly at each other's throats ; and if either of us wanted to cough or sneeze, Perrignon waved his hand and called out—

“Hush ! It is Coubé,”—or, “It is Montgaillard—that is speaking,” as the case may be.

Every now and then one or other of these journalists and artists would rush out, as pale as ashes, and come back again to enter the lists anew.

The one they called Coubé was a little fellow with a hooked nose, keen eyes, and a grey beard ; he spoke very well.

Montgaillard was a tall, thin, red haired man ; his shoulders were broad and square,

and he stooped a little ; his beard was short and bushy, and grew nearly up to his eyes ; his brow was broad and flat, his nose and chin projecting, and his voice hoarse ; altogether, he resembled a boar.

Some bawled, some whined, some laughed, but all of them were dressed like folks whose heads are full of their own ideas ; their hats awry, their cravets loose, one side of their shirt collar outside, and the other tucked in out of sight. They paid attention to nothing or nobody ; sometimes, by chance, some of them would just shake hands with M. Perrignon and wish him good morning, and then go in and begin speaking without listening to what the rest were saying, or knowing what had been said.

Montgaillard and Coubé had such loud voices that their speeches could be heard above all the shouts and all the laughter.

When I first heard them speak of strikes, and reform, and banquets, and peace at any price, and of Pritchard, all jumbled together, I did not understand a single word of it ; but one Saturday evening, when we had left off work at four o'clock, and M. Perrignon, Valsy, Quenten, and I, were taking a glass of wine together, after the rest were gone, I asked them what it all meant, for that I had never heard of those things at Saverne, and that anybody who troubled himself about them would have passed for mad.

"Don't they read the papers there?" asked M. Perrignon.

"No, never."

"What did you do then, after work?"

"Well, I used to go for a walk, and the others generally went to the beer-houses, where they sat drinking and smoking till

ten o'clock. Sometimes they played cards, and cheated each other as much as they could."

"Why, it must be a country of idiots," exclaimed Perrignon. "If you had told me that the first day I saw you, do you know I should have turned you out of the workshop! Fortunately I know what you are now, and look on you as a steady, industrious young man, but you must read the newspapers. Madame Graindorge will lend you the 'Reform,'—will you not, Madame Graindorge?"

"Oh! certainly, let him take it. I do not want it, I am sure."

It was a paper that the journalists threw on our table when they had done with it, and from that day forth I took it home and read it every night; for I was ashamed of living like a fool, with my fellow workmen,

who took more interest in the affairs of the country than the gentry did among us.

That same evening Perrignon told me that the space in front of the Hôtel de Ville was called *Place de Grève*, no doubt from its having been at one time all gravel; and that it was there originally that labourers who wanted work took up their station, and masters who wanted men went thither to hire them; but now, when disputes arose between employers and employed, the whole body of the latter repaired to the *place* and were then said to be "on strike" (*engrève*), which meant that they desired, either an increase of pay or a diminution of work.

He said stone-masons, masons, and plasterers always went on those occasions to the *place* before the Hôtel de Ville; the house-painters to the Place du Châtelet;

the chimney sweeps, to the Porte-Saint-Denis; the locksmiths to the market at Saint Martin's; the paviors to the corner of the Boulevard Montmartre; and so on for all the rest of the trades.

He went on to tell me, that the reform that everybody was talking about, and that the householders desired as much as we did, meant a change in the manner of electing the deputies; that, at the present time, nobody had a right to a vote, who did not pay two hundred francs taxes; that this excluded from voting, or from being elected, any man, however meritorious, or however well informed, who did not pay taxes to the amount stated, and that he, Perrignon, thought it a shameful and unjust state of things.

"For," said he, "the rich only care for their own class, they do not trouble them-

selves about the poor ; their very wealth is indeed often the best proof of their selfishness ; for everybody knows that generosity, large heartedness, love of your country, and the sacrifice of your interests to the public good, are not the usual means of making fortunes. As yet, as things stand, the egotists are entrusted with the making of laws for the government of a proud and generous people."

He said further that the consequence of all this, was, the abasement of France ; for that these egotists, who were themselves elected by other egotists, had but one idea ; to keep all the appointments and places in their own hands, and to fill them up with their own relations.

They did not care, whether their sons, and nephews, and cousins, were capable of fulfilling the duties attached to the offices ;

all they thought of was, the pocketing the proceeds ; that by this means, fools and scamps got everything ; while worthy intelligent men had no chance, and that this held out little encouragement to strive for the acquisition of knowledge, or to sacrifice one's self for the country.

That, moreover, these egotists, whose sole wish was to keep what they had got, sacrificed our honour for the sake of maintaining peace.

That the head of this party, M. Guizot, had only to say that their fortunes would be endangered by a war to make them vote for "peace at any price." That they had even just voted some hundreds of thousands of francs, for an English apothecary, named Pritchard, in face of the indignation of all France ; that the English would menace us continually, seeing it succeeded so well.

The middle-classes were, he said, sick of these doings, and demanded electoral reform by the extension of the franchise, but that Louis Philippe supported M. Guizot, and that M. Guizot did not want the reform, because he would not be so sure of maintaining his influence over the deputies, if poor members, determined to maintain the honour of the country, instead of sacrificing everything to money, were among those returned.

That is what Perrignon told us all; for my fellow-workmen were listening as well, and they understood the advantage of this reform all the better. He told us also, that the professors, Michelet, Quinet, and, in fact, all honest men, recognized the justice of the change; that they desired it, that the army desired it, and that M. Guizot alone stood opposed

to the wishes of the majority in order to remain prime minister for ever and ever.

The mere mention of the minister Guizot, made Perrignon turn pale, and naturally I felt angry too.

From that day my ideas on politics were clearer ; when I heard talk of strikes, and reform, and peace at any price, I knew what it all meant, I sympathized with the indignation of the journalists against corruption, and I looked on M. Guizot as a man who had no honour nor honesty, and whose dealings could be satisfactory to none but the English.

Things went on so ; work, arguments, a Monday's holiday now and then, my newspapers in the evening, and my remembrances of home. Autumn had come ; the leaves were falling, there my old com-

panions could walk to Haut-Barr and after enjoying a pint at Faller's, come down the hill, happy together, and I was there all alone.

I thought of the little street, the Deux Clefs, I wondered what was going on there, who was living in the old house now the Dubourgs were gone. Was it a carpenter, a lock-smith, or a turner? Father Antoine's loom, I knew, was heard there no more; the Revels, no doubt, still went up and down the old stairs, to their lodgings on the second floor; they had not grown rich, they had not abandoned their old dwelling place.

I thought of it for hours together; I tried to fancy what Annette was like, now she was a lady. She would not speak to you now, I said to myself, you would no longer be Jean-Pierre for her,

and this reflection made me miserable. Oh, I felt I loved Annette more than ever; and as for that Breslau whom they had employed, I turned pale when I thought of him.

But what could I do? I laboured day by day, I enjoyed the confidence of M. Perrignon, and I had the satisfaction of earning an honest living.

Then, too, those long arguments about the rights of the people, the honour of France, the reform, and the revolution, took my attention off my own troubles, and opened to me a new world.

I often said to myself, we were not born for ourselves alone, but for our country. What if we have neither relations, nor riches, nor attachments! we have something greater and more lasting than those; we have France, our country,

our lives are hers, and since we are poor and friendless, let her be for us, love, and riches, and friends.

These thoughts took possession of me when I was alone in my room, and I talked to myself in this strain. Then I read my paper, and worked myself up more and more against the egotists, who fancied that they ought to be loaded with honours by the country. Ah, I have often thought since, that they were like misers and usurers, who love only in proportion to the wealth of the bride, and who know not what true love is.

I remember that by the end of September, our quarter had grown very dull.

All the students had left, and you met only the girls who had been their companions; they looked half starved, and their hats, and poor cotton gowns, and

their little dancing-shoes, were dropping to pieces bit by bit, like dandelions run to seed when the summer wind blows. They used to come into the *caboulot* sometimes ; very quiet, very pale, and ask for a couple of sous worth of soup ; they took their seat at the end of the table, and broke their bread, with downcast eyes, in silence.

None of us ever spoke to them ; but each made his own reflections.

Is she a tradesman's daughter ?—Was her father a soldier, I wonder ?—How came she to this misery ?

How can men be such cowards, and such villains, as to bring a poor girl—a mere child, sometimes,—to ruin, and then leave her, while they are enjoying the country in the society of their parents, only to begin again when they come back ? Oh ! does this not cry for vengeance ?

Ought these things to be in a Christian country?

You cannot shut out such thoughts as those. I verily believe that, in the sight of God, the doer of such deeds is a greater criminal than a parricide,—the guillotine claims him; but he who ruins and then abandons a poor girl, is not only a villain, but a coward; for if a father or a brother were by, to give them their due, they would tremble; and to them I say, you may grow old—you may confess and repent—but the souls of those you have destroyed shall surely witness against you!

At this period, M. Perrignon took pleasure in being with me; he gave me good advice about my work, and took interest in all I did, and often, when we left the shop, I accompanied him to his part of the world, Rue Clovis, behind the Pantheon,—

talking all the way of what was in the papers, and anything else that we cared about—and we often stood at his door for a quarter of an hour before saying good-night!

One evening that I had walked home with him, seeing that there were many things I could not understand, because I had never read anything but the Catechism, and the Scripture History,—he said :

“ You are going on very well, little one ; but I must positively lend you the History of our Revolution ; you will see there whence our rights are derived,—what we were before '89,—and what our fathers did for us. Only be sure you take care of the work.”

“ Never fear, M. Perrignon,” I replied, “ I am in the habit of being careful of what is lent to me.”

Then we went up-stairs together ; he had two large rooms on the fifth story, looking on the street, and a kitchen, and a small room at the back. On entering, I saw his wife and three children ; a little girl of ten or twelve, one boy of eight or nine, and another, a baby in his cradle. The apartment was clean and lightsome ; the wife was a tall, dark woman, of about five-and-thirty, with a high forehead, a straight nose, and a prominent chin. She gave me the idea of a woman of resolution and courage ; I had only to see the way she smiled at her husband, to be sure she loved him well, and that she thought him the best man in France.

She was busy washing some small matters, in suds in a wash-hand basin, with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows. The little girl—who was very much like

her mother—was sitting at the window, sewing; and the little boy—who was so exactly like Perrignon that anyone would have known him in the street—was demurely writing at the other end of the table; the child in the cradle looked fresh and healthy; his eyes were wide open, and he was perfectly quiet.

M. Perrignon hung up his brown cape and his hat, without speaking, and put on a blouse. His wife handed me a chair, and he said,—

“This is one of my comrades, Marianne, a worthy young man, that I am fond of; he is like Roger, the very same disposition.”

His wife then looked at me earnestly, and replied,—

“Yes, and he is like him.”

Then Perrignon kissed his little girl, who had risen from her work and was

leaning up against him ; then he kissed the little boy, and took up his copy-book to show me.

“Just look at that, Jean-Pierre,” he said, with a flushed cheek,—“what do you think of that?”

“It is very good writing, Monsieur Perrignon.”

“Yes, it is ; it is firm and clear,” said he.
“I am pleased with you, Julian.”

I gave the little fellow a kiss, and he seemed quite proud of it ; and Perrignon, stooping over the cradle, lifted out his last born and kissed him, and laughed, the very picture of happiness.

The wife, who had resumed her washing, laughed heartily, and the baby stretched out his little hands and laughed too.

“There is nobody ill here,” said the father, taking the child on his arm.

“Give me the key of the book-case, Marianne; I must lend my companion the ‘History of the Revolution.’ He is fond of reading, as everybody should be in these days. Every man ought to know his rights and his duties.”

His wife gave him the key, and he opened a book-case, full of books from top to bottom; he took out one and handed it to me, saying,—

“Now read that, it is the people’s book. There you will see the beginning of the Revolution—I say the beginning, for it is not yet finished; and it will last till we have liberty, equality, .and fraternity. There are many chapters wanting, but if we cannot write them, the young fellows that come after us will.”

He pointed to his boy, and laid his hand on his head—

"It is true, is it not, Julian?"

"Yes, father," said the child.

"That is as it should be!"

And smiling, he turned round to me, and said—

"Those that stand in the way of right do not know what is before them; if our children came to us from them they might carry the day; but our children are our own, and we bring them up in our own principles.

"Look at my boy, there are thousands like him; it is good seed, it is all to help on the Revolution; it is growing up to claim rights, and to fulfil duties; what is cut down is too small a matter to speak of. Everything progresses; there was a time when they brutalized us, that they may lead us as they would and array us against each other; but that time is gone by, the light

now shines everywhere. Do what they will, the future is the people's. You may put out a candle with an extinguisher, but you cannot put one over the sun."

This is how he talked, and his wife and children listened to him with awe and veneration.

I said "I was anxious to begin reading the book."

"Do not be in a hurry to return it to me," he replied; "I do not want it, I know it by heart. Only do not lose it."

I bowed to his wife, and he saw me to the top of the stairs, and went down two or three steps with me. Then we shook hands; he returned to his room, and I went down, convinced that I had seen one of the happiest men in the whole world; and thinking that I should have

been the same but for the fortune that came to the Dubourgs.

When I got home, I sat till after midnight, reading the book M. Perrignon had lent me. I knew nothing, as I may say, of our Revolution ; I had heard the people at Saverne curse the name of Robespierre, who they said thought no more of guillotining than of killing flies. But I had never heard a word of all the great deeds, all the fine laws, all the victories of those days.

I did not even know that my grandfather, and his father before him, had belonged to great lords who treated them like cattle, and that it was the same all over France.

I was ignorant of these things ; I did not know either that the Revolution had freed us at a stroke by driving away the oppressors, who even allied themselves with

the Austrians, the English, and the Russians, to attack their own country ; so that if our own forefathers had not shown more courage and more genius than they, if they had not beaten them for twenty years together, we should still be beasts of burden to them.

No ! not a word of it did I know, and every now and then, I was ready to cry out—

“How is it they never taught us anything of the history of our own country ? What do I care about king David or the prophet Jonah, in comparison with such a history as this ?

CHAPTER III.

IT was in this month of September, five weeks after Emmanuel's departure, that I was attacked with home-sickness. I began to waste away ; night and day, Saverne was ever before me. I saw the hill, the river, and the long evening shadows. I smelt the leafy odour of the forest, I heard the thrushes calling to each other, and then the sound of father Antoine's old loom, and Madame Balais' sabots, and Annette's ringing laugh.

“ Oh ! God ! ” I cried, “ if I could only

breathe my native air once more ! once more embrace my mother Balais ! If I could drink one long draught at the fountain, cool and fresh, it would revive me ! but no, I shall see those days no more ! I shall never sing any more as I work with Picard, I shall never see Monsieur Nivoi again, I shall never again watch the young women coming to the fountain, nor see the cows galloping with tails outstretched, and their legs in all directions. It is all over. I shall lay my bones in this place."

This is how the terrible malady, home sickness, affects one. I got so weak I could not hold myself up. It was all of no use for Perrignon to say—

"Come, come, Jean-Pierre, where is your courage ? Remember we are in Paris, and in politics up to the ears ; why should you think of anything else ? I have known

what it is myself in my time ; and it is very hard to bear, but with courage and resolution you will get the better of it."

It was all no use for him to take me by the hand ; the bubbling river under the old willows was calling me—and I longed to go.

If ever I went with him to his door, Rue Clovis, I started as soon as he went up stairs for the Rue Contrescarp ; an old deserted street it was, with the grass growing between the stones, and the great dome of the Pantheon rising at the back of it.

I looked as I passed at the poverty stricken slip-shod inhabitants, sitting about on the door-steps ; the sallow-looking women and half starved children, all dirt and rags, at the small windows mended with paper. Stuck against the window-panes,

inside, were prints of the time of the Republic and Louis XVI. Goodness knows who pasted them there, but there they had been for years and years.

There were the cocked hats, the wigs, the grass-green coats ; the flowered waistcoats, reaching down to the thighs, and the cravats reaching up to the nose. It was old, old indeed.

At the bottom of the old steep street, on the right hand, is a *Mairie*, and on the left, a new fountain, the "*Fontaine Cuvier*," with a woman leaning on a lion ; and an eagle above, carrying off a lamb in his talons, and all the animals in creation below ; and between these two erections, I saw an old wall, all covered with ivy, beautiful ivy.

There was the "*Jardin-des-Plantes*," a handsome iron gate stood open, with a

sentry by the side of it. The spiral walk begins there, and winds through the rarest plants ; a fountain stands at the entrance of the walk, and on the highest point beyond the cedar of Libanus, is a summer-house, surrounded with old pieces of rock, that look as if they were covered with shells and foliage, and which the old pensioner tells you came from the deluge.

Many a time I had contemplated all this at a distance, without daring to enter, thinking that the garden belonged to some prince or other ; but the continual going in and out of old women with great stuffed-out reticules on their arms, children, and soldiers, convinced me, at last, that it was free, and I went in with the rest.

That was one of my happiest moments in Paris ; all was not bricks and mortar there, at least the plants were alive.

Ah, there is something in the contemplation of vegetable life. I was delighted, so happy, that I was overcome ; and I sat down on a seat, to breathe, to admire, and almost to melt into tears. For three whole months I had seen nothing green but the formal walks and trees in the Tuileries. I did not know what it was I wanted, but I knew now, and I made a vow to come again, very often.

Ah, if there had only been the refreshing dew, that would have done me good too, but dew falls not in Paris, everything is dried up there in summer, every place is muddy in winter.

I looked at the serpents through the glass, at the old elephant over his high pallisade, at the giraffe with his swan's neck and a horse's head at the end of it, and that can nibble the leaves at twenty

feet from the ground. I saw the birds from China and elsewhere, very much like our own fowls and ducks and geese. I saw eagles that screamed behind the bars of the cages, ready to fly out at the pigeons that were high above them in the sky. I saw vultures, whose feathers were gone, and whose heads hung down mournfully over their long naked necks.

There were apes leaping about and grimacing, and bears in their pit rolling themselves about on its burning pavement, and leering at the lookers-on who threw them pieces of bread. There were lions and tigers that yawned, hyenas that were never still, and a sort of *pigs*, with heads like bats, that spread a foul odour around; but I did not care for all that, any more than I did for the carcasses of whales, and animals before the deluge, that are kept

carefully labelled in a handsome building apart.

Yes ! I looked at them, it is true ; but I wanted to see the green hills ; a hawk soaring over the mountain, an ox steaming at the plough, or even a sheep-dog barking round the flock, would have seemed to me a thousand times better than all these old eagles, and hyenas, and lions.

I left by the fine central avenue of limes and beeches, that runs past the stately greenhouses, lined, as it were, by giant American creepers.

I followed the quays and passed by a whole league of store-houses, piled to the roof with wine and brandy, and dry goods ; and where the boats that come up the Seine, discharge their cargoes of all kinds, on the sloping wharfs, behind the towers of *Nôtre Dame*. By the time I had reached

the point opposite the Hôtel-de-Ville I had come to myself, and began to repass in my recollection the history of that revolution, where men, instead of crouching and rotting in cages, like the animals from Asia and Africa I had just seen, made themselves free and did great things.

Yes ; it was while I was contemplating the façade of the Hôtel-de-Ville, in whose niches are to be seen the statues of all the judges and famous men of old, that I brought to mind the wonderful “commune”—those spirits of the Revolution with their square-cut coats, their cocked hats, and their wigs, who ruled the land by their decrees, who announced that so many victories would be gained in Holland ; so many in Prussia ; so many in Italy, and it was so. Who held their own, with twenty departments, against the rest of France, with all Europe

at its back—who nominated soldiers to be generals, and generals common soldiers—for the good of the country! Yes, I stood in admiration before the noble pile, where such great things had been accomplished; I understood the history that Perrignon had lent me better, as I pictured to myself these *revolutionaries*, and I said, They were different beings from us! Years after we are gone to dust, when our very existence shall be forgotten, theirs will still be familiar names, they will live for ever.

I was in the same place, one evening, following a similar train of thought, when a tall red-haired artillery man tapped me on the shoulder, saying,

“What are you doing here, Jean-Pierre?”

I turned round in surprise, and recognised the younger of the two Maternes, Francis. We had never been very good

friends, and had rolled on the ground together more than once in our lives ; but I was so pleased to see him that I exclaimed,

“ What, you Francis ? I am so glad to see you.”

We shook hands, and I felt ready to embrace him.

“ What are you doing at Paris ?” he asked.

“ I am a journeyman cabinet-maker.”

“ Ah ! I am in the artillery at Vincennes. What will you stand ?”

“ Oh ! what you like, Franz.”

He replied, as he took my arm,

“ We always were good friends, were we not ? Come along, I know of a good place. Look up—this is it.”

It was not ten steps off. I fancy all places were good for him, when anybody else was to pay the reckoning. He took

off his sword, and hung it across the back of the trellis-work seat, at the door of the tavern ; and we sat down at the little table outside.

I called for a bottle of beer, but Franz required a little brandy, and told the woman to leave the carafon* on the table.

“So, you are a journeyman, Jean-Pierre, are you ? and where do you work ?”

“I work at the Rue de la Harpe ; but I live in the Rue-des-Mathurins-Saint-Jacques.”

“Very good. Here’s to your health.”

I asked him if he had heard from Saverne lately, but he said,

“It was not worth while to sit talking about such a hole.”

* A carafon is a miniature decanter holding about a quarter of a pint of brandy, and generally stands on the tavern tables for the customers to help themselves from it.

“ Well ! but do you not hear from your father and mother, sometimes ? ”

“ I think they are both alive ; but I have not had a letter from them these two years. ”

“ And do you not write to them ? ”

“ Yes ; I wrote to them two or three times to ask them to send me some money, but as they did not answer, I did not trouble myself about them. Your health, Jean-Pierre ! ”

He finished all his speeches, with, “ Your health, Jean-Pierre ! ”

I remember what he said when I spoke to him about the Reform :

“ Oh ! ” said he, “ that is politics ; those that meddle with politics had better look out. I can tell you that all the guns in the gunsmiths’ shops have had something or other taken out of them, some have got

no locks, others no nipple, so that if they pillage the shops, the muskets will not go off. Our sergeant told me ; and he told me also, that a number of powerful fellows have been well-dressed so as to have the appearance of well-to-do people, and have received orders to mix with those who meet to discuss politics, and even to appear more violent on the subject than the rest. They are all armed with preservers, and know each other by signs. When they arrest anybody they always set themselves three or four to one, then the troop comes up and clears the coast of the remainder of the rabble. So take care, do not let yourself be drawn into politics,—it is an old friend's advice. Take care !”

“I have no doubt you are right,” said I, “and I do not mean to meddle with them.”

As the carafon was by this time empty, Materne remembered that he had to answer to the roll-call, and that Vincennes was more than a league off; so he rose up and buckled on his sword. I shook hands with him, and, as he took his way over the bridge, I paid for the brandy and the beer. I went home then very well pleased to have seen him, but at the same time very much surprised at what he had told me about the rascals who were commissioned to knock down their companions.

I thought if M. Guizot would do what was right, he would not want that sort of thing; all good men would be on his side. But when a government refuses the just demands of the people, it is always apprehensive and is obliged to rely upon force.

CHAPTER IV.

THE meeting with Materne gave me pleasure at the moment ; but what is such a fellow as that good for ; a man who thinks of nothing but eating and drinking, and who tells you that the place where you have passed your youth is a hole that it is better not to talk about.

I got angry when I thought of it. Companions of his sort, are not very good for raising your spirits,—quite the contrary ; I hoped I should not meet him again. My melancholy increased day by day, — the

water of Paris, the food, the shadows cast by the houses, were destroying me.

How often I exclaimed :—

“ Here you are going to lay your bones in some place where they shall mingle with those of strangers, in some cemetery where there is not a blade of grass.”

Oh ! how horrible to think of !

In my dreams, I fancied that Madame Balais was ill, that she wanted me, and was calling me ; and then I awoke in terror.

I could not bear it, and I wrote off to beg the dear soul to let me have a letter from her.

“ If you are still alive,” I said, “ write to me ; for I cannot bear this. I will throw everything up to go to you if you are ill. Write me only one word.”

Four days after I got her answer, and I have it still.—Here it is—

“MY DEAR JEAN-PIERRE,

“I am very well indeed. Since I heard you were in a good place, I have not troubled myself about anything. Whether we are at Paris, or Dresden, or Madrid, or at Saint Jean-des-Choux, what does it matter, if we have got all we require? You must not take fancies into your head. I have seen hundreds of conscripts waste away because they fancied this, that, and the other; if they had made up their minds to eat their rations and keep step with the rest, they would not have had the fever, but would have kept their health well enough. It is always those who fret the least whose health is the best. Take it for granted that all is well, and you will be easy; well, ease of mind is health.

“If I were ill, or wanted any thing, I

should write to you directly ; but I have never been better, especially since your friend Emmanuel called. He came up to my room to tell me how hard you work, and what pleasant walks you take about the town together. He is a nice handsome youth, and he even gave me a kiss for you. I am old now, but there was a time when I was worth looking at.

“I was pleased to see what a sensible young man he was ; I hope you will always remain friends : you will never be in better company than his, Jean-Pierre. Emmanuel will soon be going back to Paris, and he will tell you all about me ; meantime, let me assure you your old mother Balais has no thought of dying, and that she hopes to be with you many, many years yet.

“I would say more ; but I do not like to keep on my spectacles long at a time ;

they injure the sight. So I conclude with a hundred kisses to you, and hope you will trust on as I do.

“Your poor old mother,

“MARIE-ANNE BALAIS.”

This letter shed balm in my heart. I took courage, and called myself a fool for being so miserable without any occasion. But I was soon to hear less agreeable news.

The autumn was drawing to a close ; the old streets were once more full of students. They returned new feathered,—and the girls got new feathered too ; they began to scream and to laugh, and to dance as before. From every window of the furnished lodgings in the Rue de la Harpe, Rue des Mathurins-Saint-Jacques, Rue de l'Ecole de la Medecine, you heard nothing but the song of “Larista !”

I often wondered whether Emmanuel

had come back ; I looked at every face as I passed, and was beginning to get uneasy, when one night, as I came in from work, Monsieur Trubère, the porter, called out—

“ Here is something for you.”

He handed me a note from Emmanuel.

“ I have returned to my old lodging. Come ! ”

I raced off to 7, Rue des Grès, and was there in a few minutes ; I ran upstairs and opened the door. Emmanuel had already arranged all his clothes on his drawers, and was sitting down in his dressing gown, smoking his pipe, and a good can of beer by his side.

“ Welcome, Jean-Pierre,” he cried, and our arms were soon round each other. Ah, what pleasure to embrace an old friend !

“ Now,” he said, “ fill your glass, and

let us smoke a pipe, and I will tell you all about home."

"Is everybody well?"

"Yes."

"Madame Balais?"

"Quite well."

"And the Dubourgs?"

"How can they help it, with such a fortune. But, dear me, you look pale. You have not been ill, have you?"

"No, thank God!—but I have been sadly out of spirits. The thoughts of home, now, in the autumn, the pleasant hills, the red-leaved vines. You know, do you not?"

"Oh yes, I know what it is. It is hard to live on without seeing the sky above us; but we get used to it. But to return to Saverne,—you must know that the doings of the Dubourgs are the talk of the town.

They have bought a fine house on the *place*, and have had all the furniture from Strasbourg, and Madame Madeleine takes her walk in the avenue of the Chateau."

He smiled, and I pretended to smile too, but I was vexed to hear of these follies.

"And how is Father Antoine?" I asked.

"Oh, he is the same good fellow as ever, only now he wears a fine cloak, and a broad black beaver hat. He walks up and down the *place* it is true, but without the least bit of affectation; he associates with the old gentlemen who live on their income, and with the officers on half-pay; and it was in their company I met him. You cannot imagine how delighted he was when I spoke of you."

"Ah!" he said, "I am so pleased at what you tell me, Monsieur Emmanuel. I am very fond of Jean-Pierre, he is such a

good-hearted fellow ". . . and so on. He wanted me to go and dine with them, but Madame Madeleine's grand airs would have put me out.

"Yes," I said, "I had heard about that before ; Madame Madeleine lacks common sense, but I hope Annette is not like her."

"Well," said he, "things that do not suit a woman of forty-five, may do very well for a girl of seventeen. Annette is pretty, has a nice complexion, and a pretty figure, good teeth, fine blue eyes, and a slender waist ; and the consequence is, that she looks very well in furbelows, though, between you and me, Jean-Pierre, a little more simplicity would suit her still better."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed !" he exclaimed, "and as her portion is likely to be very pretty as well, the house is always full of

visitors. Their man has enough to do to keep the stairs waxed and polished."

"What! have they got a man-servant to do the stairs."

"I should think so, indeed."

Emmanuel saw that I did not relish what he told me, but I wanted to know the worst, though really one had better be deaf than listen to such stories. Unfortunately when you have begun you cannot stop; you will hear to the last.

"And who visits them then?"

"Who? Why those who are looking after the girl and her fortune to be sure; all the best young men in the town. I could mention at least twenty. They put on their dress coats, white cravats, and gloves, and give themselves airs. Then comes dinner, and afterwards M. Hesse, the organist, opens the piano, and they

sing duets ; the three large windows on the *place* are thrown wide open, while the crowd, outside, stops opposite, to listen."

Emmanuel told me all this as he would anything else, while he was emptying his can and refilling his pipe. He was looking out of the window for some time too, at his acquaintances as they passed, and afterwards came back to his place without suspecting anything.

"Come," he said, "you have not drunk anything. If we are in time, we will go to the Odéon to-night."

The very idea gave me a chill.

He went on. "That is what it is to become rich all at once, and to enter into society one is not used to. These good people are at the mercy of anybody that is looking for a dinner ; young fellows who would be glad to get the girl and her

fortune. I should not have begun talking of them, but I thought you would naturally like to hear all about people that you have known from a child."

I leaned back in my chair and tried to answer something, but I felt as if I was choking, however, I managed to say,—

"Yes! I am very sorry to hear it."

"It is a pity, no doubt, Jean-Pierre," he said, "and I am afraid the scamps will carry the day."

"Ah! you think one of these rascals will be accepted."

"Why it is sure to be the case. There is even now some talk of Monsieur Breslau, a fine tall fellow, grave looking, with a well dressed head of hair, a beard like a frill all round his chin, and a great pair of brown moustaches, what many people would call a handsome man."

“A rogue !”

Emmanuel looked up with surprise.

“He is more fool than rogue,” said he.

“Aye, a fool, a scamp, a blackguard !”

I could not help it ; and I went on,—
“It is no business of ours. If Madame Madeleine is silly enough to encourage these spongers, and her husband fool enough to let her, it makes no difference to me ; but I do pity poor Annette ; if her mother makes a fool of herself she cannot help it.”

“Oh,” replied he, “she is not so much to be pitied as you suppose ; these visits and compliments, these fine gentlemen making their bows, and begging the favour of her hand for the sixth or seventh quadrille, and telling her how charming she looks, do not seem to annoy her very much, Jean-Pierre. And when that smart

Monsieur Breslau comes up, with his hair curled, his cravat put on with the greatest care, and his waist pinched in, I assure you she does not appear distressed at all."

"Were you present?"

"No, but it is the town talk."

I longed to dash something or other to pieces; never in my life did I find it so difficult to appear calm. I rose up at once, and said—

"Ah! well, good bye, I only came in to pay you a passing visit."

"Where in the world are you going?"

"I am going to Monsieur Perrignon's, our foreman. He lent me a book on the Revolution, and I want to return it to him."

"Ah, you have been reading the history of the Revolution—what you, Jean-Pierre!—and what do you think of it all?"

“It is splendid.”

“Aye! Danton, Vergniaud, Hoche, Kléber, Marceau! we are agreed.”

“But you have not emptied your glass.”

“No more, thank you.”

I wanted to get away, I felt I was trembling, and I think Emmanuel suspected something, for he said—

“Well, well, run away, we must have another chat to-morrow or the next day.”

He stood on the stairs with his candle, and lighted me down, and I shook hands, and wished him good-bye.

I was quite giddy and stumbled as I made my way down to the street; when I got into the open air, I was more excited than ever. I ran along the pavement, pushing the people to the right and left as I passed. Everything seemed to spin by me; gas lights, carriages, shops, as in a

dream. I think somebody called out "take care!" but I am not very sure; the only distinct idea was, that I would start off for Saverne, and strangle Breslau, that I should have to pay for it, but I did not mind that, it would the sooner be all over.

Then I thought of father Antoine, and Monsieur Nivoi, and Madame Balais. What would they say to me?

I was furious, too, with Madame Madeleine, whose folly and vanity were the cause of all this.

I went on, and on; past the Rue Copeau, past the Jardin des Plantes and the bridge opposite to it, and only stopped when I reached the Place de la Bastille. The people stared at me; and then, with my knees knocking together, I made my way to a seat under the awning of a café, and called for some beer. I sat with my legs across, gazing

on the crowd that was going and coming in all directions, vehicles that were passing by dozens, and their drivers abusing each other.

I was like one in a dream. The passing of a diligence going to my native place roused me ; I said to myself—

“ Ah ! if I were on the top, I should be at Saverne the day after to-morrow ; and then, woe to Breslau ! ”

I jumped up from my seat and paid, and went away without touching my beer.

It was late at night when I crossed the place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Beyond, the dark shadows of the Nôtre-Dame, of the bridge, and the old houses, lay on the river that gurgled beneath. The terrible scenes of the Revolution came to my mind, and I thought—

How many dead has the ancient river borne on its bosom ! some of them worth-

less wretches, some good and brave. They are all alike, at rest, now. But suicides are cowards, for they have not the courage to face suffering. A few minutes after my hand was on the cordon, the door opened, and I groped my way to my room.

CHAPTER V.

MANY times afterwards the idea of going to Saverne and knocking down Monsieur Breslau, came into my head, but I always tried to reason thus :—

What good would it do to get taken to prison, and break Madame Balais' heart ; all the town, I knew, would despise me, Madame Madeleine would be furious, Mademoiselle Annette would turn her head the other way, if she saw me, and father Antoine would exclaim, "I never should have believed it of him." Monsieur

Nivoi, Monsieur Vassereau, Captain Florentin, Madame Fretzel, in a word, all the most respectable people would have no choice but to blame me. Stay where you are, Jean-Pierre !

This was not a very pleasant conclusion to come to, but when we are helpless, we are obliged to resign ourselves to circumstances at last.

The weather was getting cold ; the Savoyards in their old patched jackets, and dirty woollen caps, and with grimy faces and hands, began to take up their stations at the doors of the wine shops, with their portable stoves, and to drive their trade in roast chestnuts ; the organ grinders came too, the Prado opened, the students with their hands in their coat pockets, and their writing books under their arms, were to be seen running along to the different colleges,

and the gray clouds and the chilly small rain proclaimed the approach of winter.

Ah, he does not come in Paris laden with potatoes and faggots. The country folk think they know what winter is, and complain because they have potatoes—nothing but potatoes !

But if instead of that, they had no potatoes at all it would be a very different thing for them. Happily I had work, and a good bed to lie on when it was over. When you meet half-a-dozen beggars on your way home of a wet night, women half naked, with their children in their arms ; and old men shivering under a flickering lamp, you feel thankful to have a place to lie down. You do not say to yourself, “ others have feather beds and fine carpets, others have music and feasting till midnight, others are dancing at the Prado and regaling them-

selves with punch. Ho ! you say, many as good as I am have only the bare stones on which to lay their head, only the cold sky to cover them." You say too, to yourself, "Suppose you were married and no work, what would become of your wife and children ? What would become of you in your old age?"

Such thoughts make the workmen of Paris reflect ; and instead of living everyone for himself, as in the country, they think of each other's future interests, and of their own ; I remember that at this time, they had already some ideas of unions amongst themselves, and these ideas have gained strength day by day ; and for my part I find those ideas correct, whatever may be said to the contrary. Who can be cruel enough to say, in effect to their fellow-creatures : " You shall toil all your life long, and then die in destitution and poverty,

and you not even do what you can to help each other to better such a state of things !” This would be barbarous, and yet there are egotists to be found to speak thus. All I have to say is, may God forgive them !

There was plenty of work at this time ; the disputes at the *caboulot* went on as usual, and even grew so violent that the journalists and the painters seemed ready to pull each other’s hair. They talked of nothing but the Reform banquets. Those were banquets where the deputies of the Opposition made speeches, taking care to leave the windows open, so as to be heard by the public.

Montgaillard read the speeches that were reported from Dijon, from Châlons, from Lille, from Macon. So eloquent, so true, that it brought tears to my eyes to listen to them, and I thought—

“These men speak well ; and say what everybody knows and feels. Now M. Guizot will see his way clearly ; he will acknowledge his errors, and if he renounces them, we will pardon his mistakes.” I felt no rancour against the man, but there were some who would not hear his name mentioned without flying into a fury. Montgaillard was for Ledru-Rollin, Caubé for Lamartine, and others for Odilon Barrot, and Duvergier. I knew no more of one than the other, and should have been puzzled to say what was the difference between them. Sometimes I asked M. Perrignon, when we came out of the *caboulot*, whom he liked the best, but he always answered—

“The individual has nothing to do with it ; unluckily in France we attach ourselves to individuals, and at last they think we cannot do without them. How many names

have I seen uppermost within these thirty years? Well, they have dropped out of sight, but the nation exists still, and is none the worse for their loss; what is wanted is to attach ourselves to principles; Odilon Barrot advocates the extension of the franchise, Ledru-Rollin universal suffrage; if the people were sufficiently educated, universal suffrage would be the best, but as long as the fourth part of the population cannot even read, a limited franchise appears to me preferable.

“Guizot and Louis-Philippe desire that the ruling spirit of the chamber should be the spirit of sordid gain alone, they call it the spirit of order and conservatism; they oppose the spirit of honour, of justice, of liberty, though it alone is the spring of great actions: they oppose the extension of the franchise.

“ Odilon Barrot and Duvergier ask for no more than that for the present ; and I think they are right. We must first educate the people, and when educated, ask their opinion. The opinion of a blind man on the subject of colours would not be of much value ; and to ask his judgment on a picture would be like making game of his infirmity ; and it would be making game of the world at large to declare that his judgment of the subject was sound, that he alone could see, and that everybody else was blind. But great political injustice infallibly produces proportionate reaction ; in the eagerness of opposition, sometimes one and sometimes another over-shoots the mark. There should be moderation in everything.” He said this very quietly, but my comrades were for universal suffrage, and Quentin exclaimed—

“ That all men were equal and ought to

possess everything in common. That when one man's vote was as good as another's, those who had little or nothing would vote for the equal division of all property ; and thus effect a peaceful revolution."

When he talked like this, it seemed a very fine idea to me ; but one day that he was saying these things at the *caboulot*, Monsieur Perrignon smiled at him with a sad expression of face, and replied—

"You argue well, Quentin, you improve. Let it be ; all men are equal ; there are no longer any drones, nor thieves, nor fools ; no more cowards, none that envy their neighbours. Well, then, as we are all honest, all courageous, all intelligent, all ready to die for the sake of justice, there ought to be no difference between us, whether of fortune or public esteem, or anything else ; we must then relinquish all

private rights, and all range ourselves on the same level ; in a word—establish communism.”

He smiled again, but it was easy to see how contemptible the argument was in his eyes.

“Yes,” replied he, “this would suit the slothful, the dishonest, the envious, the fool, and the coward. But those alone ; and I fear me, these principles will be the cause of fearful fights. Do you think that your declaring that two and two are five, will make it so ? Does the nature of things change because we are such fools as to view them backwards, or because we are such knaves as to conceal or pervert them for our own advantage ? Does not common sense triumph in the end over ignorance and lies ? Do you think that people would hand over their property to you as soon as

you had voted it to yourselves? Do you suppose that they, having gained their possessions by their labour, and by a constant antagonism to sluggards, and thieves, and fools, and cowards, will not defend them against those same sluggards, and thieves, and fools, and cowards?

“Undeceive yourself, Quentin, they are in a better position to defend them, than they were to gain them. They may be taken by surprise; but they will recover themselves, and they will revenge themselves; and if (which is impossible) they were overwhelmed by numbers, the true French race would be lost; that old laborious, courageous, proud race, that has been the admiration of the world for ages, would exist no longer; and the idlers, after having devoured in sloth the riches of the nation, would fall upon each other. The Russians

and Prussians and the English would come in to help, and would pocket everything in common, the communists included ; and they would make them work under the knout afterwards. Thus would France fall, as other nations as great and as strong as she have fallen and perished miserably, when the scum of society have gained the upper hand.

“ One injustice invariably entails another. Monsieur Guizot rejects the extension of the franchise, which is a thing just and requisite, desired of all honest men ; and behold ! the rest clamour for communism.

“ If blood should flow, it will be on Monsieur Guizot’s head. He sees whither we are drifting ; but he sticks to his place, and says to us in effect, choose between my pride and the gulf before you ! Give way, or perish !”

Perrignon turned pale as he said this, and, without another word, he rose and went out. Then Quentin said—

“I should like to hear him argue against Cabet; he would soon put him down. I would not reply to him, he is an old fellow of the '89 and thinks there is nothing in the world better than liberty.”

For my own part, I had a great distrust from that time in those who were ready to vote to themselves the property of others; and I made a silent vow, always to keep company with those who were anxious to gain their living by their labour and good conduct. And I thought moreover, that if, one day or other, we had universal suffrage, they would take care the people should be educated, and that then everybody would agree, nothing could be better for the nation.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the end of November you would not have found any difference between the two sides of our *caboulot*. The nearer the opening of the Chambers approached, the more violent became the disputes. Every one discussed politics ; the workmen the same as the journalists and artists ; every one maintained his views on reform, the franchise, and universal suffrage.

At the same time it rained every day. I do not believe there is such another damp wet place in winter as Paris, especially in

those little streets only three or four feet wide. The rain drips from the roofs from morning to night ; for as soon as the dripping slackens, another shower of rain comes down. At night you hear the water splashing down from the gutters for hours together ; the drunkards make their way through the mud, muttering and grumbling as they stagger along ; and, later on, municipals go the rounds with their cressets, for lamps go out.

All the same, one cannot stay in their room till midnight watching the rain pour down the window panes, or the moon driving through the hazy clouds between whiles. I had bought a rough great-coat at an old clothes' shop in the Rue Mazarin, where the students were in the habit of leaving everything behind them when they went home for their vacation. It was brown, and

hairy-looking ; and at night I went out with it on my back.

I used to walk along the quays, between the Pont St. Michel and the Pont Neuf, for a couple of hours, looking on the swollen river, and thinking of home, of Madame Balais, of Monsieur Breslau, of politics, of the miseries of life ; and when I began to get tired I came in and went to bed.

One night, when I had taken my usual walk, and was returning through the Rue de la Harpe, I saw Emmanuel coming towards me with some books under his arm, and a little oil-case cape over his shoulders.

“ Why, it is Jean-Pierre ! ” he exclaimed.

“ Where are you going so late ? ” said I.

“ To the debating society. Come along ; it so happens I am to speak to-night.”

“ But what is it ? ”

“A meeting of students in their third year; we argue, and practise ourselves in pleading.”

“And where?”

“At the Palais de Justice, seventh chamber of the correctional police. When the trials are finished we begin. When the cat is away the mice play.”

He laughed. I walked along with him, for I was curious to see this.

“But perhaps they will not let me in, Emmanuel?”

“Make yourself easy about that.”

We reached the great gate guarded by a municipal with his musket across his shoulder. Everything was silent as we crossed the court-yard and went up the great staircase.

A little lamp, that was hung against the wall in the vestibule, showed the way to

the staircase on the right ; we went up, and in another two minutes we reached the hall of the Pas-Perdus, dark, damp, and cold. Our footsteps on the paved floor echoed far into the distance ; and I heard, too, afar off, the hum of voices. Emmanuel said,—

“ I think the conference is begun.”

He went along a passage, and then up a crooked staircase till he came to a door where another municipal was seated on a chair ; and when the door was open, I saw before me the seventh chamber of the correctional police. The ceiling was covered with old paintings, there was a stage at the far end, in front of which the students were seated on benches in a semi-circle, like counsellors ; and two or three were seated in their robes at tables on the stage itself, as if they had been judges. Some

looked round as we entered, and others shook hands with Emmanuel, who pointed me to a seat and placed himself by my side.

The speeches had already begun. It was exactly like a court of justice. Among those present I recognised Coquille, Sillery, and many others whom I had seen at Ober's, five months before.

The one who was pleading spoke well ; he was a little hump-back, named Vauquier. The name of the president was Faur-Méras ; he had a handsome face, and wore his beard uncut. Emmanuel whispered their names to me. I remember that the little hump-back said that in France the government undertakes everything ; not only peace and war, but that it took charge of the collection of the taxes, the maintenance of the roads, the sale of salt, the postal

service, in a word, of everything. He said it was not so in England ; that, in that country, the government did not interfere with private enterprise, and that the prosperous condition of its agriculture, the strength of its navy, and the extent of its commerce, and of its colonies, was due to this ; that there, individual liberty was the rule, while in our country the government meddled in everybody's business.

He concluded by saying, that the government ought not to interfere with individual education, that parents should be free on this point, that it was their natural right, and that natural rights took the precedence of all others.

Then he sat down.

I remember all this well, because it was all new to me.

It was now Emmanuel's turn ; I was

afraid he would be embarrassed, but he jumped up with the greatest alacrity, and spoke so well that I was quite surprised.

He said, that parents ought to be free to educate their children in the best way they could, just as they are free to feed them according to their means ; but that they are not at liberty to let them die of hunger, because it is a crime, and that they are not at liberty to let them grow up in ignorance, for the same reason.

He said that everybody is free to dress as he pleases, but that in a civilized country like ours, one should not be free to dispense with clothing, and that those who desired such an amount of liberty were madmen.

He said that education should not be a commercial enterprise, but a benefit be-

stowed by the country, which every Frenchman should have a right to enjoy as freely as to breathe the air of France. That the government ought not to undertake to supply sun, and air, and education, but that it ought to see that children were not deprived of either ; and that further, it ought to provide for its being within the reach of every one in every town and village in the kingdom ; that if it undertakes the construction and maintenance of all the high roads, it would do quite as well to build public schools.

He said, the love of our country, is, naturally in proportion to the benefits we receive from it ; and that a Frenchman of twenty, ought to have reason to be able to congratulate himself in these terms,—

“ How thankful am I to be born in France, rather than in Russia, or Spain, or any-

where else. My country has bestowed on me the blessing of education, and has instructed me in my rights and my duties. In some countries, I should be but a brute ; here I am a man ! The duty of all governments is to form citizens. The government that fails to provide for the education of the people does not form citizens, and is responsible for the country, to all humanity, and to God, for the good it might have done—but did it not ?”

This is the substance of what Emmanuel said, in very eloquent terms ; others spoke after him, and it was close upon midnight when the conference broke up.

It was raining fast when we came out, and the night was as dark as pitch. The sentry came out of his box for an instant to look at us as we passed, and turned in again. Emmanuel and I walked up the

street alone, as fast as we could through the driving rain, and as we stepped on, I said to him,—

“Yes ! you are right, the man who is in ignorance has no country, so to speak ; he is always for those who feed him, whether his name be John, James, or Nicholas, whether he be English, Russian, or French, he does not care what becomes of his country. But those who owe to her all they know, consider their duty to her the first of duties.”

“I think so,” replied he.

We were then at the corner of the Rue des Mathurins-Saint-Jaques ; so we shook hands and parted.

“What a fine thing is learning !” I said to myself. “Here, in a few years, Emmanuel will be a judge or “*procureur du roi*,” and I, no matter how desirous I may

be to study, I shall still be a journeyman. But I must not complain, many would be glad to have a good trade, and to be in my place.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Chambers opened on the 27th of December, 1847. All I recollect about it is, that Louis Philippe began by making a speech, in which those who attended the banquets were styled the blind multitude and public enemies ; and that for three weeks afterwards there was nothing but disputes to settle what should be said to him in reply ; that Lamartine, Thiers, Odilon Barrot, Duvergier, Ledru-Rollin, and others, took up the question, and that finally the majority voted, as usual, that Monsieur Guizot was right.

Anybody that likes may read, in the newspapers of that day, the speeches of one half of the Chamber that were to prove that everything was right, and the other half that everything was wrong.

At the same time the students demanded their professors, Mickiewicz, Quinet, and Michelet ; they would not have the newly appointed ones, and I remember one morning the whole of the Rue Saint-Jacques was filled with troops, from the Place de la Sorbonne to the bridge of Nôtre-Dame.

It was raining torrents ; and the poor soldiers standing there with arms grounded were wet through. No carriages were allowed to pass, and nothing was heard but the tramp of feet in the mud, and the shock of the butt ends of muskets on the stones. It was sad to see such an exhibition in Paris.

The students passed through the ranks to the schools; and this was thought the best way to give them a taste for study, and to attach them to the new professors. If they rebelled against them at last, is it to be wondered at? Everybody called out against these proceedings, and said the students were in the right. But as yet, there was no stir, only I heard there was to be a banquet in the twelfth arrondissement.

We worked at Monsieur Braconneau's as usual; but one thing that surprised me was, that the journalists and artists at our poor little eating house, in the Rue Serpente, kept perfectly quiet.

Sometimes one, sometimes another would read the speeches in the Chamber, slowly and aloud; but none of them made an observation; you would have said they

were afraid to add a single word to these speeches, and I think it was well.

They all went out with thoughtful looks, in silence. Montgaillard alone might be seen to give the wink to Quentin, as he twirled a heavy cudgel over his own head.

I said to Perrignon one day, when I came to work, that everything seemed to be settling down very calmly ; but he replied—

“ That is always the way on the eve of a great stir. In proportion as the movement becomes imminent, everyone makes his own reflections, and considers how far he shall go ; whether it is worth while to risk his own life, and that of his wife and children. Then many withdraw, the rest have made their decision, and all appears smooth. If you had ever lived on the sea-shore, I could explain this better to you. I have

watched the same thing from my prison in Fort Saint-Michael, at the full moon. All is tranquil on the beach, the water in mid-sea rises, comes on in a single monstrous wave, and dashing on shore with all its force, runs up twenty, thirty, and forty feet,—it is the flood.

“A little while, and all is still once more. If we take advantage of the flux, we may advance far inland, and the re-flux drags us with it. Such is the history of mankind, the true cause of revolutions, of progressing and of retrograding. When the tide is at the flood, nothing can stop it; when it is returning, we must cast anchor where it leaves us, and wait for the next.

“If those who govern a nation possess a grain of common sense, if they are not puffed up in their own conceit, if, in a word, they deserve the confidence the

country places in them, they will be sensible of the approach of the flood, and will not obstruct it ; it is a natural advance, like the increase of the franchise ; but if they resist it, or seek to disperse it by cannon, it may prove a deluge.

“ Human folly is the cause of much human misery.

“ The first flood in these days was '89 ; the resistance that was opposed to it by the Germans, the English, and the banded aristocrats, made the '93, and the flood having borne down all in its path, spread to the depths of Russia. It retired in 1814, and returned in 1830. It is coming now, and it will come again, and again. It has existed, and will exist for ever ; but men, in their ignorance, do not understand that its return is as natural and as necessary as the course of the sun, and the return.

of the seasons, and they try to stop it. Let us hope they will see clearer this time, those only who oppose the rising tide, as the rich and the selfish will do, — risk drowning.”

When Perrignon was explaining these things to me, I could see he was reflecting on his own account ; he coughed a short inward cough, and muttered between his closed teeth—

“ We shall succeed ! ”

I accompanied him every day, after work ; but instead of going straight to the Rue Clovis, as formerly, we used first to go to the Odéon, through the Rue Racine, and under the arcade. He was buying the “ History of the Girondins,” as it came out, and he said—

“ When I have all the numbers, I will get them bound, and lend them to you.

What I have read pleases me greatly,—it is written quite fairly,—is grand,—is noble!

“Every one has his due, republicans like the rest. Lamartine, notwithstanding all that is said by professors that are conceited enough to fancy themselves geniuses, writes with more clearness, and more good sense than they do, all put together, and because he has more heart. ‘Oh,’ they say—‘he is a poet!’ Yes, he is a poet; he sees the greatness of human nature, rather than its meanness; but that is the defect of those who see from a height and afar; it is not the defect of pismires. That man understands the meaning of the word ‘Liberty.’ If the flood comes, it is he who must hold the rudder, and who must cast anchor at the ebb. God grant the people may understand their true interests.”

These words gave me confidence, and it was not only I,—not only Perrignon, and a few here and there,—that trusted in Lamartine, but almost all the workmen. A very small number talked of Louis Blanc, and Cabet, and Raspail, who were well known for down-right republicans, but who had not yet spoken out. There was a book, by Louis Blanc, on the equalization of wages ; which set the idle part of the community thinking that they might get the pay without the work ; but the really industrious workmen did not approve of it.

Monsieur Perrignon considered this was a most foolish, dangerous book ; he has often said to me,—

“ That book seems to say to the industrious workman,—‘ slave as you like, the do-nothings shall enjoy the fruits of your labours ! That will be your reward.’ ”

Well, I must come to the revolution. If I did not see and hear everything, I am at least very sure of what I did see and hear; and I will relate it. For two or three days past, people had been saying—"The banquet will take place," and then, "no, it will not, the prefect of police opposes it." Then, "Oh yes, we shall have it all the same, Odilon Barrot is the leader," then, "Odilon Barrot has given way," &c.

Finally, on the 21st of February, about nine in the morning, as we were at work, a very respectable old gentleman, with a pale countenance, and white hair and eyebrows, and wearing a broad brimmed hat on his head, and a woollen comforter round his neck, came into our workshop, and asked for Monsieur Braconneau. "He is not here," said Perrignon. "I am the foreman."

“Well then, you will let him know that the banquet will take place to-morrow, in the Champs Elysées,” said this man, looking sharply at us with his quick grey eye. “He must come in his uniform of a national guard, and unarmed.”

“Then I suppose we do not belong to the national guard; are we to be left out?” said Perrignon.

“Quite the contrary,” said the other, “quite the contrary; come all of you! The more the better,” said he with a smile and a wink. “It is a protest—a pacific protest, you understand. No arms, plenty of national guards in uniform; that is what is wanted.”

And looking at Perrignon, he added—
“You are an old hand, you ought to understand me.”

“So I do; and we are quite agreed.”

"Ah! so much the better. And your name?"

"Perrignon."

"Is it indeed! Well, I am Delaroche; we two should know something of one another, I fancy; we have sailed in the same boat." And then they laughed.

The old gentleman had laid his hand on Perrignon's shoulder, and they took a good pinch of snuff together. Quentin asked if it was for to-morrow.

"Yes! you must start at ten to-morrow, so as to get there by eleven. But I am in a hurry, I have to call on some other acquaintances," said the speaker. "Do not forget to tell Monsieur Braconneau he must come in uniform, it is most important."

"You may depend on me," said Perrignon, as he shook hands with him.

Then he went away, and as we all stood

there with our arms folded, Monsieur Perrignon pulled his great watch out of his fob, and exclaimed, "ten minutes more to breakfast time." And we went to work with our heads full of all sorts of things.

In another ten minutes each one slipped on his jacket, and we all went out, and bought our bread as usual, on our way to the *caboulot*.

The news was everywhere, Madame Graindorge folded her fat arms, and laughed merrily.

"Well, you are to have your banquet at last," she exclaimed; "and high time too, it has been talked of long enough."

The journalists and artists in their room were discussing the order of march. Caubé said, "Lamartine, Thiers, and Barrot will there."

Montgaillard exclaimed—"Oh we do not

want them." In a word, the *caboulot* was as noisy as ever.

"And what will Monsieur Braconneau say?" asked Valsey.

"I will answer for him," said Perrignon. "Work is pressing, but we will work all night, if need be."

Everybody answered that they would work two or three nights if required. I had never felt myself so stirred. It was the first time in my life, that instead of planing and joining for my own profit, I too was going to do something for the country. I was only one of the mass, it is true, and could not count for much, but at least I was not a cipher. I was longing for the banquet to come off in spite of the friends of the government, and I thought to myself—

"Ah, you rogues, you tried to keep us from

meeting. Are we not Frenchmen as well as you? Have not we rights as well as you?"

The remembrance of those villains, of whom Materne had spoken, as being distributed among the people under the guise of honest folk, to knock down their companions flashed across me, and I said to myself, "Well, we will settle them."

So I got very angry by degrees, and saw, by the looks of the rest, that the same train of thought was passing through their minds.

As we returned to the shop, Monsieur Braconneau came in. Perrignon immediately told him, that somebody had come that morning to invite him to the banquet of the twelfth arrondissement; and to let him know he must come in the uniform of the National Guard.

“ We have received no orders, and I am not fond of disorder,” replied Monsieur Braconneau.

“ Well, you will do as you please,” said Perrignon, “ but we are all going !”

“ What is that ?” exclaimed the master, looking at us with astonishment.

“ Yes ! we are going because it is our duty,” said Quentin ; “ the country has been too long humiliated by being represented by these deputies whose qualification is the two hundred francs taxes they pay, and who do not care a pin for us. We must have others. We must the elections open.”

“ Very good, Quentin,” said Monsieur Braconneau, “ but you need not bawl so. There is no revolution here, I hope ; as to reform, why, good gracious, we all desire that. But consider, Perrignon, you have a wife and children ; it is not as in former

days, when you were single. Disorder never brings about any good ; the workshops are closed, the workmen die of hunger, and the employers are ruined. I do not like disorder."

"Neither do I," replied Perrignon, "but I desire justice before all things ; and where order is established only to prosper intriguers, and to keep down the working classes ; to give to the one fortunes, and honours, and places, from father to son ; and to refuse to the other all rights, all the means of acquiring property, and even all hope ; and when, further, this kind of honour must be bought by national disgrace. Well, we have had enough of it.

"If the national guard had always done its duty, Monsieur Braconneau, if the rich trading class had reflected that they did not stand alone ; that workmen, and arti-

sans, and agriculturists, have also rights ; and that the duty of those who have succeeded in life is to lend others a helping hand, by giving them education, all the more so, because it is by their labour they are what they are ; if they had not lived in utter selfishness for the last eighteen years, approving of the existing state of things because it conferred on them the revenues of the country, on condition of their voting with ministers to a man ; if they had not thought it could go on so for ever, all would have been put to rights, and government would have given us of its own accord, what we shall now, perhaps, be obliged to take."

"I do not like Guizot any better than you do," said the master ; "I have been tired of him a long time. His insolent tone with the deputies of the opposition seems

to me most unworthy ! But, you see, work presses ; there are orders waiting to be executed."

" We will work all night," answered Perrignon. " You will, will you not, all of you ?"

We all answered that we were willing to work two nights if it was necessary ; and as the master turned to leave, Perrignon said to him once more,—

" Do come in your uniform, Monsieur Braconneau. If Louis Philippe hears that a great number of national guards have mixed with the people, he will perceive that the whole nation is in favour of reform ; Guizot will be dismissed from office, and tranquillity will be restored ; but if we are alone, the king will reckon on the national guard, and—you understand——It is our mutual interest to be united. If we are on opposite sides, all is lost."

“ Well, well, we shall see,” said Monsieur Braconneau ; “ perhaps I may go, but in any case, you will come back to work as soon as the banquet is over.”

“ That is understood,” said Valsy and Quentin.

We worked as usual the rest of the day, and in the evening every one went his own way. I hastened to Emmanuel, he was out ; I ran to the restaurant, Ober's, he was not there. Everything seemed very quiet in the quarter. The municipals were at their post in the Rue des Grès ; people were going and coming, and carriages moving about as usual ; as you passed the cafés you heard the balls rolling on the billiard tables, and the players counting their points, nobody was talking politics.

I went to give a look at the Place du Panthéon, it was deserted. I saw only a

few old women, with hoods over their heads, coming out of the little church of Saint Etienne du Mont, and the great dome of the Panthéon standing out against the starlit sky.

I came in about eleven, without having met with my friend. It was the 21st of February, 1848. Louis Philippe and his family little thought that they would be obliged to fly three days later. Monsieur Guizot remained obstinate, Odilon Barrot had retired, and all seemed quiet. Such is life !

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next day, the 22nd, I saw, when I got up, that it was going to be fine. The sky was grey, but the clouds were high, and I dressed myself, making pretty sure we should have no rain.

I had no occasion to hurry, as we were not to go to work in the morning, and I did not go down to get my breakfast till nearly nine o'clock.

I possessed a long knitted purse, and, as the idea of their killing people with loaded cudgels came into my head, I put

a number of penny-pieces into one end of the purse, to defend myself therewith, in case of need ; armed with that, I set out.

The Rue des Mathurins Saint Jacques, the Rue de la Harpe, and the Rue de l'Ecole de la Medécine, were already thronged. The door of the *caboulot* was wide open, and round every table were people in the act of swallowing a glass of wine with whatever came to hand.

They were all strangers, as is generally the case on holidays, when everybody dines wherever he happens to be.

As soon as I had taken my slice of beef and my measure of wine, I was going to start for the Place du Panthéon, where the students and workmen of the quarter were to meet ; when the tread of many feet, and cries of "Reform for ever !" were heard.

Everybody jumped up, and saying, "Here are the first of them!" ran out to look.

The students, the workmen, the tradespeople, were coming down the street, arm in arm, three, four, and six abreast. I caught sight of Emmanuel among the first; he had on a broad-brimmed beaver hat, and was walking with his head bent down, and a thoughtful look on his face, amid the loud cries of "Reform for ever!" I ran up to him directly.

"There you are," said I, "I was searching for you everywhere last night, till eleven o'clock."

He looked up, and shook hands, and his grave air surprised me. Those on the right and on the left of us, talked, bawled, and sang, but he walked on in silence.

At last, however, as we were going through the Passage du Commerce, Rue Dauphine, he said to me—

“What astonishes me, Jean-Pierre, is—that some five or six individuals, sitting at this moment in the Tuileries or somewhere else, breakfasting, scribbling, or doing nothing; men who are called conservative ministers, philosophers, or what you will,—who have never known anything of the people’s sufferings, nothing of the chill winter, when the snow filters through the roof on the aged grandmother sick in bed, on the poor mother and her newly born babe; nothing of the spring, when the ploughman toils from sun-rise to sun-set beside his oxen, or of the summer when he mows both day and night, with his handkerchief tied round his weary loins to give him some little support.

“What astonishes me, I say, is that five or six people, honoured, fawned upon, loaded with wealth by the labour of the

nation,—should imagine that they are all in all,—that the world was made for them, and that they have settled everything when they have opened their mouths as wide as they can, and uttered, with a solemn air—‘We will not have it so,—we do not approve;’ and that they should suppose the remaining thirty-two millions, the very least of whom is as good as they, should bow to their decision.

“That is what I am thinking about. I fancy I can see these ministers, as they sit in their easy chairs, with out-stretched legs, stroking their chins, and saying—‘The people, indeed!—the masses! They dare to move, do they?—they dare!’

“Oh, yes, it does astonish me, Jean-Pierre, and it disgusts me too. They have acted a part so long, they imagine their theatre is the true world.”

This was what he said to me as we walked with the rest, just as calmly as if he had been in his own room ; and it appeared to me that he was right. These ministers say in effect,—“We are responsible ;” but the most responsible was Louis Philippe, for he risked everything by listening to their advice.

Well, after we had crossed the Pont-Neuf and the Rue de la Monnaie, we moved up the Rue Saint Honoré.

You never saw a more stirring spectacle. The ladies leant out of every window, waving their white handkerchiefs ; and the cries of “Reform for ever !” redoubled from one end of the line to the other,—the cry surged, and I delighted to hear it rising and falling.

So many ideas of all kinds about the revolution—justice and the rights of the

people—passed through one's head, that you marched on without fatigue. Many people said that if it had been later on in the spring we should have been covered with flowers ; and I believe it, for the further we advanced, the more the enthusiasm increased.

Our column having at length reached the Place Vendôme, turned to the left, and reached the Boulevards without meeting any troops. But, as we came near the Madeleine, through the now increasing crowds, we suddenly perceived some infantry regiments of the line, with grounded arms ; they were stationed in front of the railings along the sides of the church, and we made the circuit of the building, beyond the line of military, crying out with one voice—

“Reform for ever !”

The soldiers laughed in a good natured way.

We turned these regiments in good order ; and many of us remained on this *place* to look in on the deputies in the café there ; but the mass pursued its way towards the Place de la Concorde.

I see all this, just as if it were only yesterday.

A report had been spread that we were going to present a petition to the Chamber, and the crowd opened to let us go through. We were passing by the fountains, and, (what I have very often thought of since) just at that moment, an officer wearing the uniform of a general of the first empire—an old man, with a purple face all wrinkles, piercing eyes, and a look as cunning as a fox, passed along our column, and whispered—

“Cry, ‘The line for ever?’—cry, ‘The line for ever!’”

He gave us the wink as he spoke, and I thought to myself—

“This old general’s advice is very good. We have nothing to say against the line ; and the line has nothing to say against us. All the soldiers of the line are the sons of workmen and peasants, like we are ourselves. What is it we want ? Reform, well, it is as good for them as it is for us ; they cannot have any interest in firing on those who wish them well.”

I approved then the old officer’s advice, and I considered it was good for the dragoons, and the hussars, and cuirassiers, and indeed, for all Frenchmen, who ought to love and help one another, and not cut each other to pieces like fools.

While I was making these reflections, we

reached the Pont de la Concorde; there was no one there as yet; but, as we approached, a post of municipals came out of the guard-house on the right, and ranged themselves in a line across the bridge. It was a sergeant in command, and I fancy he was an Alsatian, for his face was florid, and his hair yellow. He had not more than fifteen or twenty men, and we were above a thousand, to say nothing of the crowd that followed us. These men, then standing in a row, a couple of feet apart, could not have barred the passage of the bridge.

I must needs know, for I was one of the thirty foremost of our number.

The sergeant called out to his men, "Fix bayonets," and Emmanuel immediately cried out in Alsatian,—*"Come, come,—countryman,—no rough jokes;"* and, as

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notwithstanding the sergeant's ill-humour, we made our way past, right and left, he withdrew his men, and everybody crossed.

I saw this myself. There was no need for anybody to bare his breast, and exclaim "Fire," because the municipals retired of their own accord; plainly seeing that for fifteen men to try to stop all the numbers there, would be absurd. But people must always invent something extraordinary for the sake of effect.

Well, we crossed the bridge; and on the other side, finding the gates of the palace of the Deputies wide open, the whole column disbanded itself in an instant, rushed within the gates, and ran up the great staircase like a flock of sheep.

Many cried—

"Reform for ever! Down with Guizot!"

I had reached the level space at the top

of the steps, in front of the columns of the portico, and was turning round to look for Emmanuel, when I saw the national guards shutting the great gates behind us. I perceived we were to be caught like rats in a trap, and catching sight of Emmanuel I rushed down, calling,—“Come, come.”

At the same moment all the windows of the Chamber between the columns, were shattered to pieces by stones thrown by some of our number, who had reached the top of the steps.

Below, Emmanuel threw himself on a national guard to prevent his closing the small gate on the left ; it was the last open. Many others came to our assistance, and meantime the national guards flew to the neighbouring post, to procure re-inforcements.

It has been often stated that some

deputies came out, to try to appease us; but I saw nothing of the kind.

The tumult was tremendous. A new detachment of national guards succeeded in shutting the last gate; and drove out those that were still inside. The crowd coming then from the Place (de la Concorde), climbed up the gates; and even children tried to mount on those large pedestals on which are seated those majestic looking statues of old men in flowing robes.

"Let us get away, Jean-Pierre," said Emmanuel, "for here the break up is to begin. It cannot be otherwise."

We re-crossed the bridge. On the other side we found the low garden walls of the Tuileries; and we mounted on the top of them, to see what was passing.

We had scarcely got there, when the entire mass of people began to rush over

the bridge ; we did not see why at first, but happening to look in the direction of the *Institut*, we perceived a file of dragoons coming at full speed. This squadron was so far off, that it did not appear to advance very quickly ; but all the same, it was at the bridge in two minutes.

Everyone shouted, "The dragoons for ever !"

The soldiers crossed the bridge at a gallop ; and, in a few seconds, their bright helmets were seen in the midst of the crowd, which opened to let them pass, and closed immediately behind them. The *place* was then full of people.

Not a drop of rain was falling, but the air was damp.

We watched the crowd for a long time ; and about one o'clock we descended from our balustrade ; and just then, from the

direction of the Madeleine, came the sound of the Marseillaise. I had never heard it before, and it impressed me as something terrible and grand. Emmanuel turned pale as he listened, and said to me,—

“It is the Marseillaise.”

We made all haste to try and get near the church, but it was a sea of heads everywhere, and it was impossible to make our way through.

We had reached the fountain, on the other side of the obelisk, when I saw a man with a large full beard, waving his hat in the air, and singing the hymn; hundreds of people were pressing round him, and I said to myself,—

“That is Perrignon, I know.”

You may imagine how I tried to push my way to him. Emmanuel was behind me, saying,—

“Have patience, do.”

Just then I reached out my hand and laid it on Perrignon’s shoulder ; so happy was he to be singing the Marseillaise, that he did not feel it. I gave him a shake, and called out,—

“Hallo ! Monsieur Perrignon.”

Then he turned round, and said,—

“What, is it you, little one ?”

He gave Emmanuel’s hand a squeeze, and began to sing once more.

After a time there was silence ; and we heard first that troops were coming by way of the Pont de la Concorde ; and next that they were charging the people in the Champs Elysées. The cry was—

“Down with the municipals.”

But all these things were so confused, and the mass of people so whirled together pell mell, that you could not see what was

passing a hundred steps off. 'We stayed, hoping for news, till we were ready to drop with fatigue; but hour after hour passed, night was slowly coming on.

All at once, at about five o'clock, Perrignon said,—

"We shall not know anything till to-morrow; let us go in somewhere or other."

He pushed forward towards the Rue de Rivoli, down which many of the crowd were drawing off, and we followed him. There was no shouting then; it was a damp cold evening that made one shiver.

When we came to the great omnibus office, at the corner of the Place du Carrousel, we found municipals on horseback, posted at every few yards; we were surrounded by troops; every street was guarded.

"Let us go to the 'Rosbif,' said Em-

manuel to me ; "I am ready to fall down with fatigue and hunger."

I invited Perrignon, who replied,—

"Wherever you please."

I saw he was thinking of other things.

We got into the Rue de Valois, and into the restaurant, where we dined.

Two municipals on horseback, with their swords by their side, guarded that street also. One could have easily laid hand on their bridles, but such a thing had not been thought of as yet.

When we got a seat we ate in silence. We were closely packed together round the tables ; some said,—

"It is all over. The ministry stands."

Others talked of a woman trampled to death in a charge ; others of troops who were on their way in from Saint-Germain ; others of some forty thousand bombs and

balls that had been transported to Vincennes, where Montpensier commanded. But there was not much conversation ; the people listened to what was said without replying.

Perrignon's eyes sparkled, and he looked as if he would like to speak, but he remained silent. Emmanuel appeared quite cast down ; and on every face you saw anxiety and uneasiness.

At about seven, Emmanuel rose up, paid, and we went out ; then Perrignon said—

“ We will go and get our coffee somewhere near.” So we turned the corner of the street, on the right, in front of the Palais - Royal. The Place - du - Château - d'Eau was dark, for the gas had been extinguished ; but that did not prevent people from moving about.

Old Perrignon had taken my arm, and I had hold of Emmanuel's ; and a little

further on, where the Rue-des-Bons-Enfans turns off, we went into a café, the café Fuchs. It was a sort of German beer-house ; the door on a level with the street, the counter on the right hand ; beyond the great front room, was a billiard-room, and beyond that, a little court.

In the first room on the same side as the counter, was a spiral staircase ; and in the single room, which forms the floor above, was held, at a later day, the German Club, which sang melancholy songs in chorus, and talked of uniting Alsace and Lorraine to Germany by means of universal suffrage. I cannot help laughing, even now, when I think of it.

This restaurant was kept by Fuchs, formerly a tailor in Suabia, a lame man and a cunning, in spite of his smiling appearance ; his shoulders were square, his forehead

broad and high, and his eyes small. His wife was a German with a pale face, and china-blue eyes.

It was at this corner of the Rue-des-Bons-Enfans, that two days after, the balls fell so thickly, that were fired by the post of the Château-d'Eau,* that more wounded were carried away on mattresses than at any other point.

But at this moment who could have supposed such things were coming to pass? The Rue-des-Bons-Enfans had been a quiet place from the time of the first republic, and no noise but that of glasses and cans, had ever been heard in the Café Fuchs.

Well! that is how things change, from one day to another in this world.

The place became more and more crowded with people; they took coffee first, and

* Here is, or was, a large barrack.

beer afterwards. On all sides we heard them saying, that Guizot had the upper hand, and that the rioters would be arrested.

They drank, and they laughed. Everything was quiet in the street; new customers entered, from time to time, but many more went out than came in. The master at last went from one table to another, saying—

“You had better leave, gentlemen, for the street will be guarded. They will begin the arrests to-night; everybody that is in the streets after eleven will be taken up. I am anxious to serve my customers; it is true, but I am still more anxious nothing should happen to them.”

He was acquainted with Perrignon, and he stopped close to us, presenting his great snuff-box.

"Come take a pinch, and then be on the move," he said.

Old Perrignon asked him if he meant to turn us out.

"No, but I speak to you for your good."

"Mind your own business," replied Perrignon.

"As you please," replied Fuchs; "if you get arrested, I shall be neither the better nor the worse;" and he turned away to the next table, not very well pleased.

There were very few then in the café, and what I clearly remember is, that Emmanuel, having said like everybody else, that the movement was arrested, Perrignon, who was sitting between us, leaned his two elbows on the table, and said in a low voice—

"Quite the contrary; the movement is now beginning. Up to this hour the work-

men have mistrusted the national guard, but they now see that Louis Philippe and Guizot have not dared to have the *rappel* beaten ; they see now that all will go well ; for, when the national guard and the people make common cause, who can resist them ? Is not the whole army drawn from the middle and working class ? Will the soldiers, think you, sacrifice their fathers and mothers to uphold Monsieur Guizot ? Here, the king, the ministers, and some two or three hundred deputies, most of whom are place-men, are on the one side, and the whole nation on the other.

“ If you could go this very night into the houses in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, or the Faubourg Saint Marceau, you would see everything being prepared. The women as usual oppose it ; they think of nothing but their children, but the men and youths

are getting ready. In more than one house the old musket of 1830 has been taken from its hiding-place under the tiles, and wherever a bit of smoke is now going up, you may take my word for it, they are casting bullets. The more quiet everything appears, the more threatening everything really is.

“I cannot understand how Louis Philippe, who is said to be so shrewd, should have let matters come to this. It will begin to-morrow ; if not to-night.”

It might have been about eleven by this time, and except two or three who lived close by, all the customers had left.

We got up too, to return to our homes, thinking of all we had seen and heard. Perrignon paid, and we went away.

It was so dark in the street, I never saw anything like it ; we had to feel by the

wall to reach the corner ; there was not a single gas-light or lamp lighted. And in that city of Paris, when vehicles roll on like a torrent, by day and by night, all was silent, as in a city of the dead.

It was only when we were as far along the Rue Saint Honoré as the Palais Royal, that we heard five or six horses coming at a slow pace ; and when we stopped to listen, we also heard the clank of sword-sheaths.

Then Perrignon said in a whisper,—
“ Silence ! it is the patrol to see that no barricades are being made—chasseurs and dragoons. If they heard us they would soon be down upon us.”

We walked on very quietly, keeping close to the houses, but almost immediately other horsemen were to be heard coming towards us from the direction of the Halle,

and Perrignon called out, in a low but distinct voice,—

“Halt! we are between two piquets, hide yourselves in the door-ways.”

We did so ; and, two minutes afterwards, five or six mounted dragoons passed close by us, listening and looking, on all sides, as on the watch. Happily it was very dark ; if there had been a single star shining, they must have seen us.

As it was, we saw them well enough in the middle of the street at fifteen paces off, saw their helmets and the glimmer of their swords, as they stopped to listen, while their horses made such a noise pawing the pavement, it might have been heard to the very roofs.

The men did not speak a word, and after a moment or two they continued their round.

A hundred paces further on, the two piquets met, and all of a sudden they passed us again like the wind. The sparks flashed from the road-way as they went, and we listened to the terrible gallop till its echoes died away behind the Halle.

“Forward!” cried Perrignon then, and we reached the Rue du Louvre, then the Pont Neuf and the Quartier Latin, without any other adventure.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next day the usual movement began in our street at dawn. As I came down stairs, I looked out of the little window of the fifth story, and saw nothing changed ; there was the old quarter with its mud, its myriad chimneys, its weather-cocks, its Sorbonne, its Hotel Cluny, its old clothes' men, its water-carriers, its inhabitants.

What is the use of two thousand, or three thousand, or ten thousand individuals getting wroth, and insisting on changes in

a city like this ? It is just as if two or three beggars at Saverne were unruly, and the constable was sent for to clap them into prison. Nay, it is even less than that ; for here nobody would mention that Jean-Claude or Jean-Nicholas had been taken up.

Yes ! it all looked the same as the day before ; and as I went down stairs, I thought to myself,—" We broke the windows of the chamber, and we might as well have done nothing at all. Old Perrignon magnifies everything ; here he fancies that the workmen of the Faubourg Saint Antoine have passed the night casting bullets, and turning out the old muskets of 1830 ; but what do they care about reform ? they have no *caboulot*, where they hear nothing from morning to night but that it is impossible to exist without reform.

“Make yourself easy, Jean-Pierre, the revolution is finished, if things do not get worse.”

While I was reflecting thus, I remembered we had all promised to go back to work the night before; I expected we should be scolded, as I felt we deserved to be, for not keeping our word. But what was my surprise, on reaching the yard, to see only Monsieur Braconneau and Mademoiselle Claudine under the shed. The old master was ranging the planks against the wall; he appeared surprised to see me.

“Oh! is it you, Jean-Pierre?”

“Yes, Monsieur Braconneau; I hope you will excuse me for not coming to work last night; it was so late when we got home.”

“Oh, if that were all!” said the good man, smiling sadly.

I asked him where the rest were.

"The rest ! Perrignon, Quentin, Valsy, and the others are gone to get their bones broken somewhere for certain. Oh, if only we get reform, and that soon !"

"You will look in again, in the course of three or four days, Monsieur Jean-Pierre," said Mademoiselle Claudine.

"Yes, do !" exclaimed the old gentleman ; "you have still your good country habits, you have ; but what can you do by yourself ? Come back on Saturday, at any rate, and I will pay you your wages."

Saying this he pulled the doors of the work-shop together, double locked them, and put the key in his pocket. We all walked across the yard together ; they went up their stairs, and I walked out, saying to myself, "Now you are in the street, without work," and when I reflected that Mon-

sieur Guizot was the cause of it all, I was furious ; I should have liked to know where to find my fellow workmen, to have joined with them.

As I passed another workshop, further on, I saw that it was shut up too.

" Now then, Jean-Pierre," I said, " there is nothing before you but to spend the eighty francs you have saved with so much difficulty, and then to die of hunger."

I felt my very cheeks quiver. I represented the minister, Guizot, to my mind, in the likeness of Jary destroying my table. I was just as eager to fight now as I had been ready to resume my work half-an-hour before. And this shows that the fault lies on those obstinate beings who drive men to distress ; they should be held responsible for the consequences of their acts ; but, in almost all cases, they escape,

while the unhappy people they have excited, perish by thousands, in all sorts of ways. Ah, if these men have a particle of conscience, how they must reproach themselves ; and if they believe in a God, what an account must they be prepared to render to Him !

I went on, straight before me, without noticing anything, in a state of distraction difficult to be described, when, all at once, on reaching the bridge Saint-Michael, I perceived a great crowd in the Rue de la Barillerie.

“Now the fight is going to begin,” said I.

I was furious. I strode forward, and in a few minutes I reached the Pont du Change, which was crowded with people. All the way from the Fontaine du Palmier to the Hôtel-de-Ville, was alive with

squadrons and regiments, on whose swords and bayonets the grey winter light shone as upon hoar-frost, — it was terrible to look on !

Why were those thousands of men there ? To uphold the greatest injustice against all the good men and true in the country ; to say insolently to them—

“ If you were right a thousand times over, we would not listen to you. When we have swords and bayonets, and grape, in our hands, we can do as we please, and laugh at all the arguments in the world ; and we will pack off those who are not satisfied, to the galleys by hundreds.”

Yes !—this is what those swords and bayonets meant. The poor people stood looking all along the Quai de l’Horloge, unarmed, open-mouthed, and their hands in their pockets ; thinking, no doubt, how

many great rascals there were in the world.

Nobody moved,—nobody spoke,—each was afraid of being struck down with one of those loaded cudgels, which are feeling arguments, as well as swords and bayonets.

But what was the saddest of all, was, that behind these troops, and behind those old gray buildings, on the right bank of the river, those old houses along the quay, with those shops where old iron, fishing-rods, and casques and lances of the time of Henry IV., are jumbled together; behind it all, in the little narrow streets, were heard musket shots, one after another; and then a volley; then a confused noise and loud screams, deadened by the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets in those quarters.

“ Ah, that made your heart ache ! ” some old women near me said to each other.

“ They are fighting over there,—your son went too, did he not ? ”

“ Yes, ma’am, as soon as it was light.”

Then they listened to the shots, with quivering features ; and the sight of the poor creatures gave me a pang I cannot describe.

Yes, the sight of these poor old women, of aged, grey-headed workmen, with only their thin blouses on, in the rain,—the hundreds of women holding their youngest child by the hand,—those boys, gazing with pale faces on the opposite street, (at the end of which were stationed the troops of the line, with grounded arms), who were each thinking of a son, a brother, a father, or a husband, and who all stood there, transfixed with terror and uncer-

tainty, equally powerless to discover what was passing, or to go to the assistance of those belonging to them, and who were, perhaps, being shot down at that very moment—I say again, it was a fearful sight to contemplate.

We always hear a good deal about the “lookers on,” we are told they ought to keep at home,—and that if they get shot in the streets, it is their own fault. I wonder whether those who hold forth in this way would stay in their houses, if their children and relatives were in the midst of danger and death; and whether they would think they ought to be shot down if terror and anxiety drove them into the street.

Only heartless egotists would talk in such a strain, and they deserve punishment at the hand of God.

For my own part, I was angry with myself, not to have been off early in the morning, and I was angry with Perrignon for not having told me the state of things. But he said afterwards, that in such matters, everyone should follow the dictates of his own conscience ; that, for his part, it was enough for him to risk his own life, without compromising the lives of his fellow workmen.

From nine in the morning till noon, everything remained the same. No carriages circulated ; people who attempted to cross the bridge were stopped, and the firing in the Quartier Saint-Martin continued.— From time to time, a puff of smoke might be seen to issue from some small window in the Rue Saint Denis ; then every eye was raised, and a whisper went round, “ That was a shot,” but you heard no more.

I had gone to get a bit of something to eat, about eleven o'clock ; they had seen nothing, at the *caboulot*, of Montgaillard, or Caubé, or Perrignon, or any of our men ; and I went away again directly, thinking,

“I must cross—I must get over to the other side of the river, at any risk.”

And now I am going to tell you how those who did not hold the same opinions as Monsieur Guizot were treated ; you will see how the rights of the people were respected ; you shall hear the account of the greatest piece of rascality the world ever witnessed.

I had just stepped on the Pont au Change, without suspecting anything, when the two cuirassiers, who were standing as sentinels on the pavement, retired, and the other troops drew off in the direction of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Everyone naturally thought that the persons who had been arrested were coming that way ; but, just at the same moment, a general and his staff came from the direction of the Tuileries, along the quay on the left. Some infantry soldiers had taken the places of the cuirassiers on the foot pavement ; and the general stopped for a few moments, just opposite us, and looked about him.

I tell all this in detail, that everyone may judge for himself of the justice of Monsieur Guizot. That general had only to make a sign to the sentinels to clear the bridge, and no one would have resisted, they had no arms ; but he set about it in another fashion.

He looked then calmly about him ; I think I see him now, his skin was dark, his face thin and bony, his nose straight, his

chin square, and his small black eyes seemed to see everything. He was speaking, but we could not hear what he said, because of the prancing of the horses of his staff. However, he stretched out his hand twice or thrice, and set off at a trot in the direction of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

We were looking at him and his officers, and I was even going to profit by his passage through them to reach the Rue Saint Denis, when all at once a great and terrible cry rose to heaven.

I turned round and beheld a squadron of municipals coming along the Quai de l'Horloge at full speed, and annihilating everything in their way ; what these troops thought of their fellow countrymen I know not. I understand that they sabre, trample on, and surround Austrians, Spaniards, and Russians in time of war ; they are our

enemies, and they have arms to defend themselves ; but to treat Frenchmen thus, who work for them, contribute their pay, their food, and their equipments ! who pay their pensions, and give them the Invalides* in their old age ! who call them their defenders and their stay ! men of the same blood as themselves ! to fall on them by surprise and from behind, when they have not even cudgels to defend themselves, what is to be said to that ? I ask the judges of our land, the fathers of families, the honest men of all the countries of the world, if such conduct is not infamous ?

The general ordered the massacre, and the municipals were well pleased. The screams of the women and children as they fled must have been heard at the Jardin des Plantes. Two old women called for

* The French Chelsea Hospital.

help, but the charge came on like the wind, and the earth trembled under it.

I made no attempt to run away, it was not in my nature. I said to myself, "It is all over with you, Jean-Pierre!" I remained on the foot-pavement of the bridge, one of the old women was a dozen steps from me, with her back against the wall of the balustrade, and a child of nine or ten was running from right to left, with her hair on end with fright. The other old woman, being lame, could not get up from the steps from the road-way to the raised pavement. At this instant the charge passed, the municipals were almost lying on their horses' necks, and their swords were ready to strike. I heard a shriek, the poor lame woman rolled under the horses' feet like a bundle of rags, and the sabres flashed before my eyes like lightning; and

such as I saw them then, from the point to the hilt, and even the very white leather tassel that dangled from them, I see them now ; at every stroke I thought my head was off.

The child that was standing near me received a sword cut at the back of the neck, and the municipal even stretched himself from his saddle to reach her, for he was a long way from where she stood.

I have no more to say about this charge, which set all Paris talking. I went away slowly, and horror-stricken. The sentry at the end of the bridge cried out to me,—“Run, run.” Only then the idea of flying took possession of me. I leaped down the six steps, and rushed onwards : I heard shots fired after me, and every moment I fancied I had a ball in my back.

I got to the other side of the Place du

Chatelet by taking the narrow lane, the Lanterne, which fortunately led to the first barricade, opposite the Quai de Gèvres. It was a triangular construction. The men who defended it cried out to me,—“Be quick!” for they saw the infantry turning the corner of the Place du Chatelet. I did not want telling twice.

When I had clambered over the heap of stones, my companions began to reply to the fire from the Rue Planche-Mibray.

But all this must be told in detail,—we do not see such things every day.

CHAPTER X.

IN those days, the block of houses, between the Tour Saint Jacques, and the Place du Chatelet, were still standing. There were the old streets of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, the Place aux Veaux, la Lanterne, &c. ; dirty, old, and narrow, all of them.

When you looked up you could see, high above the gables, the old tower, with Saint James at the top, who looked down upon you, as it were, into a cistern.

In ordinary weather, when a ray of sunshine fell on the labours of the water

carriers and old clothes men, the street singers, the women washing linen in the Seine, the market people in the Halle* and the Innocents,* it was all very well; but when they had to make their way, on a rainy day, over the up-heaved or broken paving, it was another story.

The first thing I did was to look over the top of the barricade in the direction of the quay; and I was surprised to see the troops formed at two hundred paces from us, with the sappers at the head of the column, with their busbies pulled well down over their eyes, their large leather aprons hanging down to their knees, their blunderbusses slung, and their axes across their shoulders, ready to march.

Yes! I was astonished to see this. I would have given anything in the world

* Two markets.

for a gun ; but I was far more astonished when I looked at my companions, for—truth to say—I have never seen the like, before nor since. There were about fifteen of them ; one was an old man with perfectly white hair, and his nose and chin ready to meet ; there were two boys, of ten or twelve, and the rest were men grown ; all of them soaked with rain, and covered with mud, and with their shoes dropping off their feet ; some in blouses, some in only jackets, and some without a shirt.

Our barricade was not above three or four feet high ; and the falling rain had formed a pool on each side of it, in which you sank up to your knees.

The men went into a passage on the left of it, to load some half dozen old flint-lock guns, and a couple of great rusty pistols, which they discharged every minute at the

sappers ; laughing all the time, like mad. It took them some time to put in the charge, and tear off a bit of their blouses for wading, and then to ram home.

Every shot echoed like thunder through these old labyrinths.

Every now and then you could hear shots, fired from other barricades, that you could not see ; and they were answered by volleys from the troops.

It is impossible to picture to yourself anything more wretched, wild, and miserable than this sort of massacre, in these out of the way places, all soaked in the continual rain. The rough-cast old walls were dripping ; the crazy shutters swayed backward and forward on their hinges, and the swinging sign-boards were riddled with shot, and the barricade looked like a regular cut-throat place.

How it was that the sappers remained there in front of it, like so many targets, I cannot say ; but they retired in about half an hour after they had taken up their position without firing a shot, and then the rolling fire began again on us.

I was leaning up against the wall at the corner ; the wind blew the smoke into the narrow street to such a degree, that those who were moving about had the appearance of shadows. I thought the troops would be down upon us every minute, and that we were all lost ; and then too, there was the dread of being taken in the rear.

I recollect, that at that moment, in the midst of the terrible tumult, while bullets were falling in all directions, I thought of making a vow ; that seemed to be our only resource.

But I had so often heard Monsieur Nivoi

make fun of the "ex-voto" at La-Bonne-Fontaine and Saint Witt, that I felt ashamed to articulate my vow, and at that instant something fell across my feet; it was one of those who had been firing, and who had fallen; shot through the head. All horrified as I was to see the frightful wound, I stopped and snatched up the musket he had dropped, and at the moment the cry was raised—

"Here they come."

One of the boys of our party began to sing in a voice of derision, as he ran away—"Tra! tra! tra!" as if sounding a retreat, and I heard the heavy step of infantry, in large numbers, echoing along the pavement.

Without losing a second in looking behind me, I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, to the Rue Arcis.

I did not like to run away, but what

could I do against a multitude of soldiers with a musket only. They were over our barricade in an instant, and pursued us ; firing all the way. I had already got as far as the Rue des Lombards without finding a single door open. I had tried to push open two that were shut, but they were bolted inside ; and as the balls were still whistling after us, I ran farther and farther.

When I reached the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher, I was absolutely breathless ; and I turned to the left to try to get to the Marché des Innocents, when I found myself face to face with a whole battalion of infantry, ranged in good order, with their arms grounded. This battalion had only to advance about a hundred paces to cut off the retreat from all the barricades higher up ; by placing them between two fires. That they did not do this, is still a

matter of astonishment to me. What was that battalion doing there ? those to whom I have since put the question, have told me that it was under the command of the Duc de Nemours, and that he forgot to give orders ; so that many of us owe our lives to him.

The sight of the chance before me gave me new strength ; but it was not till I got to the end of the Rue Saint-Martin, that I took refuge for awhile in a barricade there that faced the boulevard. I had passed six or seven others, but all of them deserted. There had been severe fighting in this quarter ; at the barrack of Saint-Martin, at the School of Arts and Trades, and chiefly in the Rue Bourg-l'Abbé, litters with the wounded were carried past every minute. The municipals had done it all : and the cry was, " The line for

ever ;” “The national guard for ever ;”
“Down with the municipals.”

It was now about five o'clock ; the weather was beginning to clear up, but it was growing dark. Great masses of people were moving all along the boulevards towards the Madeleine, shouting, “The national guard for ever,” “The Line for ever,” all the way. The national guards were mixed up with the people ; a great many had even given their guns. Everybody was for reform. I looked on for some time, and then I thought I may as well go home, it seemed to be all over.

Some officers of the staff called out as they passed, that M. Guizot had resigned ; but the workmen would not believe them, and continued to come down the boulevards in bands, still crying, “The Line for ever ;” “Down with Guizot.”

How can I paint the confusion? where epaulets and uniforms mingled with the crowd, arm-in-arm, with the blouses.

I came out of the barricade at last; and I fancied, every now and then, I saw Perignon, Quentin, and Valsy, in the crowd; but finding I was mistaken, I thought they were most likely all at the *caboulot* by this time, drinking to the health of reform.

With this idea in my head, I took my way homeward, with my old rusty musket slung over my shoulder. I never imagined for a moment that the battle was still raging on the quays, and that the Duc de Nemours had forgotten to give orders to stop the charges; to tell the municipals they had done enough; and that it was no longer necessary to massacre the people! Well, behold! when I came once more to

the Place du Chatelet, I found them still there preparing to charge. Their horses trembled under them, with fatigue and hunger, and they themselves were shivering with cold ; but they were not the less furious at the continued cries of "The line for ever ;" "Down with the municipals."

Almost all the troops of the line had then retired, in the direction of the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Tuileries.

On the Pont Saint Michael I passed a litter slowly borne by two men ; almost all those that were wounded in the Rue Saint-Martin, had been taken to the Hôtel-Dieu ; when I came to the Rue de la Harpe, I met a litter followed by women ; I was ready to drop with fatigue, and I went into the *caboulot* and ate alone at the end of one of the tables.

Madame Graindorge seemed in great

distress of mind ; she told me that not a soul had been there all the day long ; and that Monsieur Armard himself, had gone with the rest at last, saying, he did not want to be taken for a coward.

While she was talking I felt a violent shiver come over me, and my teeth began to chatter ; and I then perceived that I was soaked through, shoes and all ; and hastened home as fast as I could, along the dark streets, to change my clothes.

When the porter saw me on the stairs, he called out—

“Ah, Monsieur Jean-Pierre, you have done a pretty job for yourself ; you have brought yourself into notice in the quarter. They have been here to enquire for you.”

And when he came out of his lodge and perceived my gun, he said :

"Ah! just as I thought. They will be here to take you off."

"The first that comes," said I, opening the chamber of the musket, "will not have much chance. See, the powder is dry."

He said no more; and I mounted the stairs three at a time.

I was sitting on my bed-side, in the act of taking my clothes off, when the tocsin of Nôtre-Dame began to ring out slowly. My window-panes rattled with the reverberation, and to hear that sound thus suddenly, in the middle of the night, made my hair stand on end; Perrignon's book lay open, so to speak, before my eyes, and I pondered over the great things our forefathers had done, and of those that we might be called on to do ourselves.

Very soon, all the other churches replied

to Nôtre-Dame, and the whole air was filled with a grand and terrible chorus.

It is seventeen years since that now ; but those who heard that sound, (unless their hearts were made of stone) will remember to their dying day the tocsin of Nôtre-Dame, that rang out in the night of February 23rd It spoke to men of Liberty and of Justice.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was broad day-light when I awoke next morning ; one of those dark mornings it was, when you think to yourself,—“ I should not wonder if it rains.”

I heard a confused rumour, as of many voices, come up from the street, joined to the sound of the butt-end of muskets on the pavement ; but the house was still ;—the tap, tap, tap, of the cobbler, the heavy thud of the binder, and the hum of the turner’s lathe, were all silent.

I leapt up, and dressed as fast as I could.

On the stairs, another surprise awaited me ; the house was empty, the doors wide open, the stairs slippery as the street, and no soul was there to tell me what it all meant.

I descended my five stories with my musket over my shoulder ; but how shall I describe what I saw when I got out of the house, both in our own street, des Mathurins, Saint-Jacques, and the rest in the neighbourhood. There were the barricades solid as ramparts, perpendicular on one side, slanting on the other, with just a passage left next the houses ; and mounted on the top, the sentry, in a blouse, armed. Many were walking, and talking, and laughing, within the trenches, the women stood at their doors, the children ran the streets to see all they could ; and the men, some with swords, some with guns, and some

with pikes, mounted guard. I never could give you an idea of it all.

The streets, the lanes, the *places*, and the cross-ways of Paris, with their numberless intersections, were no longer like themselves, but might be compared to our poor villages if every dung-heap, every pile of faggots, and every shed were transformed into a barricade. It was no longer Paris,—it was the fraternization of all human kind.

The workman and the bourgeois were one ; and it was necessary for us to remind each other, from time to time, that it had only begun ; for we might else have fancied our victory was already secured.

During this one night fifteen hundred barricades were thrown up ; you must have seen it to believe it ; and there was no lack of arms either ; all that had been lying by

from the time of the first republic were brought forth.

Well, I came out of our little dark passage into this upset, like a rat out of his hole. I cast my eyes on the sentries, whose forms were relieved on the grey sky ; on the people, who leant out of all the windows with looks of astonishment and admiration ; and, as I went on, I could not help asking myself,—is that man, with a cap and smock frock, with his cartridge-box at his back, a workman ? Do all these people really belong to Paris ?

The sight of it all, in some sort, took my breath away ; and, it was only after a little while, that I began to consider whether I should still be able to get anything to eat and drink, at the *caboulot*.

I then looked in the direction of the Hôtel Cluny ; and saw two great barricades,

one upon the other ; there was no opening through them, you had to climb over the stones ; when I got to the top, I perceived a third barricade, at the entrance to the Rue de la Harpe, turned towards the Place Saint Michael ; but a sight that pleased me more, was that all the shops were open, and that people went in and out, and ate and drank there as usual. Life was going on behind these heaps of mud and stone, just as if the battle was going to last for ever.

While contemplating our own street, I made many reflections on the power of right and justice, saying to myself, "O ! great nation ! O ! noble people of Paris !" and other similar phrases, that touched my heart and raised my spirits. I climbed from barricade to barricade, till I reached the Rue Serpente. I heard them saying

on all sides, that Montpensier was coming from Vincennes—that Bugeaud—

There was a general complaint of a want of cartridges ; as for me, I had only the charge in my gun. I asked a national guard, in the Rue de la Harpe, where we could get powder ; and he replied—

“ At the barrack ‘ *Foin*,’—come with me.”

He was marching at the head of about half a score of men, and seemed delighted to be leading them to a place where they could help themselves.

The barracks were a little higher up, in the lane, *Foin* ; behind the *Thermes*.

We were making our way along, in close file, one after the other ; with our guns and pikes over our shoulders, and as we got nearer, we could hear the paving-stones thundering against the doors at the other

end ; accompanied by loud cries of "Open the doors."

Half a company of fusiliers, with their lieutenant, were shut in there. The door was beginning to give way, and was dashed open, just as we came up. The crowd rushed into the court, and the soldiers were disarmed in the twinkling of an eye ; some took a musket, another emptied a cartridge-box. The poor fusiliers said not a word. What could they do ?

I have some fifteen or twenty cartridges upon my conscience that, I took out of one of the poor fellow's cartridge-boxes, calling out "The line for ever," as I did so.

He said, "You will get me punished for this."

I am quite sure he was the son of a peasant, as I was ; and had just joined his regiment. His simple and sorrowful words

have often come back to me, and then I have said, "Ah, Jean-Pierre, you ought not to have done that, indeed you ought not." But what is to be said? the frenzy for cartridges carried everything before it.

I remember something else that passed, with more pleasure. There was one man, who in the midst of the tumult and confusion, was trying to get possession of the officer's sword. I see the lieutenant still; he was a little man, his face was very pale, and his moustache grey; and he seemed calm in the midst of his misfortunes.

An old soldier, who had already been despoiled of his musket and cartridges, stretched out his arms, as if to defend his superior; and he, looking on him tenderly, said, "That poor fellow loves me."

When I saw and heard this, I exclaimed,

“Leave the officer’s sword alone.” It seems my face must have been something terrible to look at, for the man who had laid his hand on the sword-hilt, made a move backwards ; at that instant, I caught sight of Emmanuel ; he had just got possession of a gun, and he held out his hand to me calling me by my name.

Other students came up and we surrounded the officer, who went out with us. “You have nothing to fear, lieutenant,” I said to him.

“I fear nothing,” he said ; “what worse can happen to me ?”

The barracks were ransacked by the mob, as they cried out “arms, give us arms !” They even searched under the flooring ; but the place had been cleared out some days before. When we reached the end of the lane, the officer left us, and I never saw

him again. Emmanuel and I walked along arm in arm, so proud at having a musket apiece, that we never gave a thought to the misery of others.

He wanted me to go with him to Ober's, in the Cloître Saint-Benoit, but I insisted, that this time, he should come with me to the *caboulot*, and we got down to it over the barricades.

The *caboulot* was quite full; they had even been obliged to lay a table up-stairs, in Madame Graindorge's room. People just went up, swallowed a glass of wine, and then went out; others merely came in, and munched a crust as they stood, and others sat down.

The workmen had possession of the journalists' room; I have no doubt they were at the offices of the *Reform* or else the *National*.

I recognized the voice of Perrignon as I entered, and you may suppose how pleased I was to hear it. I had hardly opened the door of the room, when all at the table began to exclaim—

“There he is.” “There is Clavel.”
“What has he been doing these two days?”

I modestly placed my gun in a corner along with Emmanuel’s, and Perrignon rose up, laughing to the very roots of his hair.

“Ha! little one, we have it! have our reform safe; it will not slip from our grasp this time.”

He shook hands with us; Quentin was standing behind him, and put in—

“Bah! reform indeed, it comes too late, we must have something else now.” But nobody answered him.

They sat close to make room for us, and Madame Graindorge served us as they did so.

It might be said to be a happy day ; for every face was radiant with joy. While we were eating, the others all talked together about what they had done. One said he was at the Rue Saint Mery early in the morning ; another that he had been at the attack on the barracks in the Rue Saint Martin ; a third that he had been at the taking of Lepage's shop in Rue Bourg l'Abbé, where they expected to find a large number of muskets ; and when they found that I had fought in the barricade in the little street Lanterne, and afterwards fled to the great barricade, Rue du Vert Bois, there was a shout of congratulation.

“ My poor Jean Pierre ! ” cried Perrignon, “ I knew you would do your duty. Our workshop has come out well. ” And he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Then Emmanuel related what had passed

on the Boulevard du Capucines. The crowd walking along at about nine o'clock, quietly admiring the gay appearance of the lighted boulevard ; the descent to the boulevards, of processions of workmen and bourgeois from every street, with the tri-colour at their head ; then the arrival of the great procession from the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with the red flag, all singing the Marseillaise ; then the 14th of the line forming across the street, to prevent the procession passing ; the order to cross bayonets ; then a shot ; and then the terrible discharge of the soldiers point blank into the crowd ; the shrieks of the women ; the terror of the people, who trampled on each other as they threw themselves into the Rue Basse du Rempart ; and finally the carrying of the dead through the streets by torch-light, while cries of vengeance, mingled with the sound of the tocsin!

I understood then, for the first time, what had prompted the night movement, and wherefore these hundreds of barricades had grown up as it were of themselves. My comrades knew all the history. Emmanuel was in the midst of what he described ; he had gone with the crowd as far as the Madeleine, and had seen all that passed.

We soon finished our meal ; for all I have related did not take more than a quarter of an hour to tell, and then old Perrignon exclaimed—

“Let us be off.” He said this with an air of command. Everybody rose and took his gun, and so we went out all together. “Have you any cartridges, Jean Pierre ?” said Perrignon.

“I have a few.”

“And you ?” said he, turning to Emmanuel.

"I have not one."

"Give him half of yours," said Perrignon to me ; and I did so.

We walked behind the party, who made their way to the Rue Saint André-des-Arts.

Perrignon was quite thoughtful ; he said, "The matter is now becoming serious ; we have plenty of barricades, the business is to defend them. The command of the troops has this night been transferred from the Duc de Nemours to Bugeaud ; he now commands the army of Paris, and he looks on us all like Arabs. He occupies the Louvre, the Place du Carrousel, the Tuileries, and the Place de la Concorde, with fifteen thousand men. The rest of the troops are posted on the Place de la Bastille, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and on the Place du Pantheon. We are between the

divisions, and they will endeavour to meet by passing over our bodies."

"How do you know all that?" asked Emmanuel.

"We know a good many things," he replied. "While they are attacking us in our rear, on the Place Saint Michael, the principal attack will be made from the *Quai d'Orsay*, the *Quai de Voltaire*, and the *Quai Conti*; that is why I am leading you in that direction. Bugeaud is persuaded that we shall all rush to oppose the attack from the Place Saint Michael; but he is mistaken. Every one will stick to his barricade. We have not too much ammunition, but the troops have but very little more than ourselves. The convoys from Vincennes are intercepted. The soldiery desire the reform as much as we do; they would rather fraternize with the people than fight against

them ; and it is quite natural ; we are all Frenchmen alike. The national guard, too, is not particularly anxious to get killed for the sake of keeping Monsieur Guizot where he is, for they wish him at the d——. So that, you see, we have only against us Bugeaud, and the over-fatigued municipals. The first game of the rubber is ours. Yesterday we had neither arms nor barricades ; to-day we have both. Things look better than they did in 1830. Bugeaud, it is true, is more cunning and more obstinate than the Duke of Ragusa ; but then French soldiers are not Swiss, and they will neither massacre us, or see us cut to pieces. So, my friends, all goes well.”

“ Here we are at our barricade.”

When we looked up, we saw a high and solid barricade, at the intersection of the streets Dauphine, Mazarine, and l’Ancienne

Comédie. It was admirably constructed, and was guarded by some students, who were pleased to see us come up.

“You see,” explained Perrignon, “we can either push on to the Pont-Neuf, or the Quai Malaquais, right and left, in case of need ; and if we are repulsed, we join our forces, and that is desirable.

“There are two other barricades that will prevent Bugeaud coming by the Rue de Seine; they are well commanded.”

As soon as we got up to the barricade, he called out to the students that we held the same opinions they did, and that we would stand by them to the death ; and they shouted in reply—“Reform for ever ! Down with Bugeaud !”

Emmanuel recognized amongst them one of his old school-fellows, named Compagnon,

the son of a rich timber merchant, and they shook hands.

Many of the students had no guns ; but they were to take possession of the arms of those who should fall in the combat. Meanwhile, they kept together in the turning of the Rue de Seine.

Perrignon immediately placed Quentin as a sentinel on the barricade, and made all the students that were on the top come down.

“ For,” said he, “ the first discharge may come from one minute to another ; and it is better one man should be exposed than many.”

He spoke like one in authority, and every one obeyed.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL that passed between eight in the morning and one in the afternoon, still seems to me like a dream; the hours dragged on slowly, and brought no change.

Perrignon said,—“The attack should have been begun before this. What can Bugeaud be about? Is he trying to surround us on some other side?”

The rain fell continually. The students went from time to time into a neighbouring café, and hastened back, asking—“Is there anything new?”

The rest of us smoked our pipes, and tried to have patience ; but after a while, we got so anxious, that some of our number went down to the left, under the archway of the Institut, to see what was passing. They did not come back to tell us ; and, between whiles, we fancied we could hear the noise of a fusillade in the distance, on the opposite side of the river ; but the splashing of the rain, as it dripped into the street, the tramp of men through the mud, and the noise of the voices in the street, prevented our making sure of anything.

We knew afterwards, that in the neighbourhood of the Halles, on the other side of the river, the people had advanced, from barricade to barricade, as far as the Louvre, behind the Carrousel, and even beyond, in the Rue de Rivoli ; and, that in order

not to leave a dangerous post in their rear, they had attacked the guard at the Château d'Eau, which was held by a detachment of the 14th of the line. The fusillade there was terrible, and it was that we heard.

At about eleven o'clock, five or six students came towards us by the Rue Jacob, on the left ; they had large printed bills with the words "Change of Ministry, Odilon Barrot head of the Cabinet."

Our students went forward to meet them, and they even went into the café, to get some paste to stick up their bill.

But we laughed at it, and Perrignon was angry at the sight of it.

The party of students then continued their way to the Luxembourg, with their rolls of posters under their arms, calling out all the way—

“Change of Ministry !” &c., &c., &c.

Some students remained with us, and they, too, laughed heartily ; and Quentin, without saying a word, impaled the bill on the wall, on his bayonet.

An hour afterwards, a file of national guards passed in a state of enthusiasm, calling out, that the king had abdicated in favour of the Comte de Paris and a regency.

“That is all very well,” said Perrignon, “if the king takes the Duc de Nemours with him, and Lamartine is Prime Minister. Meantime, let us stay where we are. As things are going on so well, perhaps we shall soon hear of their being better still. Do not let us be in any hurry ; we must know what we are about before we stir.”

Some workmen from Rouen also came and joined us ; good strapping fellows, in

new blouses and round red caps, with guns, and an ample supply of cartridges.

They had taken the rail as soon as ever they heard the news ; and when they arrived, we took the opportunity of sitting down for a few minutes and drinking a glass of wine. The rain ran into our very shoes, and we were shivering with cold ; but all the same, the turn affairs seemed to be taking warmed our hearts.

One of my pleasantest recollections is, that about one o'clock, the entire 7th regiment of the line came towards us, along the Rue Dauphine, musket in hand. We thought it was the attack, and each one of us held himself prepared to repulse it courageously.

Perrignon called the sentinel down, and gave the word—

“ Attention ! ”

But when the soldiers had come as far as the Rue de Lodi, they filed off to the left, in twos, and discharged their muskets in the air. At the same time, the officers came forward towards us one after the other, with their little oil-skin capes wrapped over their shoulders, and their swords under their arms. We held out our hands to help them to climb over the barricade, calling out — “The line for ever !” — “Lean on me, commandant.” — “Let me help you, captain.” — “Liberty for ever !” — “France for ever !” — “We are all brothers.”

We were ready to embrace them, and we even asked them to stay with us.

They merely said, thank you, and continued their way up the street.

When we saw this, we knew well enough the people were the victors ; and that there

was nothing more to fear. Perrignon tried all he could to keep us there ; but nobody listened to him, and we all rushed over the barricade, to the Pont-Neuf.

We expected to find masses of soldiery on the quays ; but they had disappeared, except two or three staff officers, who were galloping at full speed past the Louvre. We crossed the bridge, singing the Marseillaise in a state of delight. Perrignon's voice alone still called out—

“ Attention. Beware of the windows of the Louvre ; it was from those that the Swiss opened their fire in 1830.—Attention ! ”

We looked with all our eyes, but there was nothing to see.

Some students were with us, and we went all together past the Louvre, and also the Tuileries, as far as the second archway, without meeting with any obstacle.

It appeared that the whole of the troops that had been drawn up on the Carrousel, had gone off like the 7th ; one regiment to the right and another to the left.

Many will find it difficult to believe what I say ; it is, however, the exact truth. We are apt to think that revolutions must always be terrible. Well ! I have seen that they make their own way in a manner of speaking, when their hour is come.

I remember, that when we were just near the Tuileries, a staff-officer tried to gallop past, and that we pulled him off his horse, to put in his place a *studentess*, who sang the Marseillaise like an angel ; and we soon reached the Court of the Tuileries, without impediment ; surprised and astonished to find ourselves there, and thinking every minute we should be fired on from all the windows of the palace.

The iron gates of the Tuileries stood open. Many of us, in spite of the entreaties of Perrignon to save our cartridges, fired off our pieces for joy ; we ran about wildly and met together again before the great gate.

We were not more than twenty-five or thirty in this immense court. First, we went up the few steps that lead under the entrance of the palace ; then up the great staircase on the right ; a magnificent staircase covered with mouldings and gilding.

In the midst hung a lamp in form of a globe all one single piece. The stairs were covered with carpet, and you could not hear you own steps, so that each one of us might have fancied that he was alone there ; but when anyone moved his gun or sneezed it echoed all over the place.

We went up, looking all round us with

the greatest admiration, and even a kind of fear too, for the idea of musket shots followed us about.

When we reached the top, we entered a long and splendid apartment.

The mere range of lofty windows, that looked on the Carrousel, gave it a most imposing appearance; and there was so much gilding and carving in every part of it, that your eyes were quite dazzled by it.

What seems to me the most surprising thing, when I think of it, is, that you could not hear the least noise of the outside world.

People could sleep soundly enough there. It was not like the Rue des Mathurins-Saint-Jacques.

I said to myself, as I walked backward and forward,—

“How pleasant it must be to live here ;
how fresh the air is !”

I looked out into the court, and saw it was quite empty ; the pavement of tiles, the broad causeway, the splendid gates, all charmed the eye. Whenever I recall that spectacle to my mind, I cannot help thinking that princes are born to be happy. Aye ! it is a famous trade.

Between every window, and all along the painted walls, were gilt candelabra in form of branches of trees, and each leaf held a wax taper, ready to be lighted at night. As I looked, I thought of what Emmanuel had said six months before ; that the inside of this palace was more splendid than the outside, and I saw now that it was true.

I do not know what had become of my companions. Some went right, some left,

as in a church ; for all these splendid apartments communicated with each other, and were all equally beautiful.

Emmanuel and I walked about by ourselves ; he said,—

“ All we see is national property, Jean-Pierre. It must be respected. It is our own.”

“ Of course it is,” I replied. “ We earned it ; or if not we, our forefathers, the woodmen, the vine-dressers, the labourers, and all the unfortunate creatures, that toiled and sweated from morn to night for the honour of France, did. We should be fools to damage our own, and we should be wretches to think of taking any of it, since it is the common property of all.”

These were my opinions, and they raised my mind, and enabled me to take large views of things ; I have since discovered

that everybody does not think as I do, and that it is not the way to grow rich ; but still, I would rather be as I am.

We walked along, looking at these riches till we came to the end, where another apartment ran across the one we were in. I could not tell you whether it was the throne-room, or Louis Philippe's bed-room. It was wider and not so long as the first room, and was lighted from both ends, and full of paintings ; and, in the thickness of the wall was a niche, like a small chapel, draped over with hangings fringed with gold ; and, at the back I saw through the hangings, a kind of bed, or throne. Emmanuel and I would not go in, we did not think it would be seemly.

We looked round, and saw a man sitting down at a massive marble table, eating some bread and cheese, out of a piece of paper.

We had not noticed him as we came through, and it will give you an idea how large these apartments were, when I say that a man may be there without your perceiving him.

Emmanuel said to this one,—“I wish you a good appetite.”

The man had on a broad brimmed hat, and a brown jacket, and his gun was slung over his shoulder ; he had a full jolly-looking face, and he replied :—

“We shall get something to drink in the cellar presently,” and he laughed and winked his eye as he said it.

Just at this moment, we heard the first sounds of a confused noise, mingled with shots outside ; and we ran to look out of the windows. The whole mass of the people was coming on, across the Place du Carrousel.

We thought, “Ah, you may come now with-

out any fear ; there is no one to stop you.” We continued, meantime, to walk slowly from place to place, looking attentively at all we saw. We came to a theatre, where the drop-scene represented some sea-port, and further on, on the same floor, we entered an elegant tribune or balcony, that overlooked a chapel beneath, with its golden vases, and candelabras in their places, and the Blessed Sacrament too. Luxurious arm-chairs were placed on this balcony, and all along the edge of the railing in front, were crimson velvet cushions. That was where Louis Philippe used to hear mass. As we were very tired, we sat down in one of the arm-chairs, and leaned our elbows on the cushions in front ; Emmanuel lighted his pipe, and we stayed to enjoy the contemplation of the beautiful place. After a time he said to me,—

“If any one had told me yesterday, when there were fifty thousand men defending the Tuileries, that I should be sitting quietly smoking my pipe, in the very place, where the king, and queen, and the princes, came to hear mass, I should not have believed them.”

“Yes!” I replied, “it is wonderful. Who can say what shall, and what shall not come to pass. Everything is in the hand of God! Those who are strong to-day, and sitting in judgment on others, to-morrow become weak and helpless as children. They weep then, and ask for mercy; they forget that they themselves showed none.”

“We ought therefore always to act according to the dictates of our conscience. God alone is judge, God alone is the disposer of events.”

That was said there, and it is true. We

were still talking, when a terrible din roused us from our train of thought. The mob was rushing into the palace ; and the mingled sounds of broken windows, musket shots, and the blows of many hatchets, busy in destruction of furniture, pictures, floors, and walls alike, was something terrible to hear.

While we were listening, as pale as ashes, five or six men, with their necks bare, their hair on end, and looking like savages, came in in different directions ; their eyes glittered like those of a band of wolves, in the woods at night. They just looked round, turned into the balcony, and began to dash everything to pieces in their fury. These poor creatures had just come from the fight ; they had probably seen their brothers, and children and friends slaughtered ; and they were taking their revenge.

"Come away, Jean-Pierre," said Emmanuel, taking my arm, "let us go!"

We re-crossed then the grand apartments once more. Some of the men were hard at work, throwing the pictures out of the windows; and others were standing on the chairs, busy removing the wax candles from the branches. I was told afterwards, they wanted them to light them down the cellars.

As we were making our way down the grand staircase, through the crowd that was thronging up, we saw a musket with bayonet fixed, raised above the heads of the people, and instantly the magnificent lamp I had so much admired, burst like a soap bubble.

At the bottom of the stairs, there were already many lying about in the corners, bottle in hand and unable to move.

The truth must be spoken : the unworthy of every class, whether they belong to the mass of the people, or whether they be seigneurs, are equally a disgrace to their country and their kind.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE hastened out without turning to look behind us.

Other numerous bands were coming up, pell-mell ; some in blouses, some in rags, some in the uniform of the National Guard ; with muskets, with flags, with axes, and fixed bayonets ; by the Carrousel, by the quays, by the Rue de Rivoli—in a word, in every direction.

There were some of the students of the Polytechnic,* young fellows of eighteen or twenty, with their swords by their sides,

* The School of Engineers.

doing their best to moderate and soften these ragged denizens of the Faubourgs, who did not even look at them, but kept on their course, crying with hoarse voices—
“No more bribery! The Republic for ever.”

As far as the eye could see, stretched the mob; and they came on towards us like a flood.

“The Commune,* Jean-Pierre!” cried Emmanuel, and immediately the recollection of the great republic came to my mind; and I was seized with enthusiasm. We strode forward through the masses, calling out as we went, “The Commune, citizens! the Commune!” and many halted and followed us, crying out as we did, “The Commune! the Commune!”

But when they cast their eyes on the lofty windows of the Tuileries, and saw the

* Stands here for the Hôtel-de-Ville.

papers flying about, the flags displayed, and heard the mingled cries and shots, the spectacle drew them off from us; they repented of having lost a moment, and hastened to follow the torrent.

We reached the Hôtel-de-Ville, by way of the quays; climbing over the heaps of scattered stones that had formed barricades; when we got so far, our party did not consist of more than ten, and at that moment some one who was as far advanced as the Pont Notre-Dame, cried out—

“The municipals.”

We turned and looked behind us, and there were several squadrons of mounted municipals. My heart leapt.

Ah! we were not without arms this time, they could not disperse us like chaff. They came on at a foot-pace, their swords in their scabbards. The fallen barricades on their

way, and also those that remained standing on the Quai de Gévres, prevented their charging us. They were seeking to make their way out of Paris.

The thought of vengeance passed through my brain like a flash of lightning; and I took aim at their general, who was about a hundred paces from me. When he saw me, for his eyes were everywhere at once—above, below, before, behind,—he smiled in my face, and took off his grand white-bordered hat and saluted me.

My arms dropped, and I said to myself, “Nay! Jean-Pierre, you cannot fire on a man in the very act of saluting you; you cannot.” But by this time, others had come up from the bridge, and also from the neighbouring streets; they rushed forward, calling out, “Let us take them prisoners.”

That seemed to me a good idea, and I immediately laid hold on the bridle of one of the horses, and said to the rider—"Dismount."

He did not answer. A great many had followed my example ; and there were these squadrons with their shining helmets on their heads and their swords by their sides, brought to a stand among the mud and stones, with a man at every horse's bridle, and a bayonet or a pike under every municipal's nose. And when, for all that, they would not obey us, some children came out of the barricades and hung on to their great boots.

They seemed to us to be prisoners safe enough ; and I was thinking how grand I should be to return to the Rue des Mathurins Saint Jacques with a horse ; when suddenly the general, who was in

about the centre of the column, called out
“ Forward.”

The quarter-master, whose bridle I had hold of, gave me such a violent blow in the face with his fist, that I was dashed against the barricade, with my mouth full of blood. At the same instant, the whole of the squadrons tore away at a gallop. Every municipal had done the same thing to the man that held his horse's bridle.

Then followed a rolling fire from each side of the road and from the bridge upon these poor wretches.

Their heavy boots were seen in the air, and their helmets on the road, as they were thrown by their falling horses. The firing continued, and far off through the smoke, we could see the riders leaning forward on their horses, and the animals' croups and flying tails in full view, as they tore, at full

speed, across the heaps of stones, you would have thought no horses in the world could have been got over.

What carnage, good God !

Sad to tell, we found, when the smoke cleared away, that some of our own had been hit ; and, on the bridge, some were lying prostrate, with bullets in their bodies. Every shot that had missed the municipals, had struck amongst the crowd ; right and left.

This is civil war ! A child was trotting about among the now fallen dead, with his own little head and shoulders in one of their helmets ; the women gazed out of the windows, and came out of the doors, lamenting and wringing their hands.

God grant that such examples may profit those that come after us ; that so we may not have suffered in vain.

We left this spot, still in a state of indignation and wrath, and soon reached the great entrance of the Hôtel-de-Ville, where some national guards made a move, as if to arrest us ; but when we cocked our guns, they opened, and we went up.

As we stood on the grand staircase of the Hôtel-de-Ville, where so many great and noble deeds were done, and so many generous words spoken for justice sake, in the Revolution, we calmed down a little, as we reflected what puny creatures we were compared to those apostles of the Revolution, to whom we owe so much.

Aye ! These ancient memories lingered in the roof that now echoed to the tread of the people, as they mounted, with an air of pride and confidence, as if saying—

“ This is ours ! When France speaks hence to Europe, kings tremble.”

A flush of pride passed over my own face ; and as we stood on that broad interior terrace, lighted from above ; where the bodies of the municipals, pale as wax, slept their last sleep ; as we entered that hall, where the first revolutionists killed themselves, when the people deserted them, as we stood there, I say, face to face with the dead, many serious thoughts crowded in on our own minds.

We had halted ; and we heard some voices at the end of a passage to the left of us. After a moment's consideration we took that way. I was in front, with my gun on my shoulder. An old gray-headed general, with his large cross on his breast, met us in the passage ; and laying hold of my arm, he asked me where we were going.

" We are going to hear what is being done," I replied.

"They are deliberating," he continued.

"Well, we want to deliberate too," said Emmanuel.

Then seeing he could make nothing of us, he said, still keeping his hold of me,—

"I am an old soldier of '92."

And I replied—

"Well then, we have the same opinions. That is why we want to deliberate."

He said no more, and went away.

We entered the hall where they were speaking. It was not so very large ; there was a table in the centre of it, in the form of a horseshoe ; and opposite it, with their backs to the range of windows that looks on the *place*, were seated three men dressed in black, writing. About thirty more were in the apartment, everybody was talking and bawling ; and two, who were mounted on some piece of the furniture, were making speeches.

We took our places, in the interior of the horseshoe, just facing the three men in black.

I did not know, till afterwards, that the one in the middle was called Garnier-Pagès; he wore his hair long; his forehead was high, his nose rather flat, and his face pale.

When we entered, with our muskets slung, he looked at us quite surprised.

The voices of the crowd rose and fell in concert with the shouts of those who were screaming themselves hoarse on top of the tables. You could not understand a word; I do not know what they were saying. The one on the right hand was tall and very thin; he had a long nose, I remember, and his gray hair hung down his back.

He bawled the loudest; he spoke from the depths of his chest, and moved his arms about like a semaphore.

That went on for about ten minutes. We heard them saying all around us—

“Garnier-Pagès has just been named Mayor of Paris.”

We had dropped the butt-ends of our muskets to the floor, and waited patiently for what should come next.

One of those who had accompanied us from the Tuileries had no shirt, only an old blouse, open on his breast.

Garnier-Pagès looked at him a good deal, and at me too, on account of the blood which had run from my mouth.

I saw he was surprised at our appearance, but he said nothing ; I noticed, however, that when the person who was writing on his left made some communication to him, he held up his hand, and all present cried—“Hush ! Hush !”

Those who had been making speeches on

the tables came down from their elevation, and the whole room was silent.

Garnier-Pagès then began to read what the other had written.

I remember very well it began,—

“The King, Louis Philippe, has abdicated——” But he had hardly pronounced the words than cries arose from all sides of “No! no! He did not abdicate; he was driven away.”

Garnier-Pagès turned paler than ever, and he tried to obtain silence, but that required a little time.

When some degree of order was restored, Emmanuel, who was standing (as I have said) just opposite to him, called out—

“We must have pledges.”

He was surprised; and all the assembly listened attentively as he asked—

“What pledges?”

Emmanuel said—

“Proclaim the Republic.”

“What Republic? Do you want a constituent or a legislative Republic?”

I saw then how deep he was; for the people had not had time, as yet, to consider exactly what they wanted.

Emmanuel was embarrassed; but one behind him called out—

“Oh, we will see about that. Proclaim the Republic to begin with; and we will settle the rest.”

And every one began to cry—“Yes! yes! the Republic!”

All this is so plainly before me, that I fancy I see and hear it; and it is word for word what passed.

Only so many spoke at once, and so loud, that you could not hear all that was said. Garnier-Pagès appeared as if he were listen-

ing to it all, but I saw, very well, that he was considering how he could get out of the difficulty ; and at last he raised his hand for silence ; and then he said, with a look of much regret and annoyance—

“Gentlemen, you perceive it is impossible to transact any serious business in the midst of all this confusion. My secretaries and I will retire into the next room ; and as soon as our proclamation is drawn up, we will come and read it to you.”

Saying that, and without waiting for a reply, he rose up ; the two others did the same, and that caused some disturbance. There was a door at the end of the room near the table ; and as they passed through it, with their papers under their arms, the man without a shirt leant down to whisper to me, “He is betraying us.—Ought I to shoot him ?”

But, ill-pleased as I was, the idea of firing on such a man was revolting to me ; and I replied,—

“No ! It is Garnier-Pagès.”

Everybody had heard of Garnier-Pagès. As we were speaking, they slipped into the other room.

Once there, and the door shut behind them, they must have congratulated themselves on the trick they had played us ; and we stood there like fools. Everybody was talking away, without paying any attention to what his neighbours were saying, and we got tired of it.

“Let us be off,” said Emmanuel ; “what have we to do with these brawlers ?”

We went out, enraged at having lost our time ; but as we returned to the interior platform, at the head of the grand staircase, we heard very different sounds. Those

who had just destroyed utterly, the mirrors, the pictures, the vases, and the furniture at the Tuileries, were coming on to the Hôtel-de-Ville; to say nothing of crowds of others, who were collecting from the neighbouring streets, and even from the faubourgs. They raised loud shouts of "The Republic for ever!" and fired their pieces every minute.

We got down as fast as we could, for fear of having our exit cut off by the advancing crowd.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE did well, for we were hardly outside the gate, than all the different masses of people made their way, by the Quai Pelletier, by the Tannery, and by the bridge of Arcole; with gold-laced coats, gold fringe from the throne, women's bonnets, and I know not what more, stuck on their bayonets; to say nothing of red flags and tri-coloured flags all covered with mud and wet with rain.

They were all rushing forward, singing, firing their guns, and unfortunately stumb-

ling ; for they had emptied Louis Philippe's cellars ; they had drunk as much as they could, and then dashed the half-empty bottles to pieces against the walls.

I must say that a great many were in a disgraceful state ; and surely those men, who on such a day will drink till they cannot stand on their legs, are unworthy to support the sacred cause of justice.

This countless mob eddied over the place like a swarm of bees. We managed to get to the Quai aux Fleurs by crossing the bridge of Nôtre Dame, and we halted there to look on. It was a seething sea of heads, and the cries of the multitude that pressed on, and up into the nation's palace, rose and fell like the roar of the surging ocean ; swelling, falling, continual.

Emmanuel said—

“God grant, Jean-Pierre, the troops we

really dispersed, that Bugeaud may not have them somewhere under his thumb; for if they were let loose now upon these drunkards, who are wasting their powder for nothing, we should fare but badly."

I quite agreed with him; and the folly of the people made me shudder again.

And yet, that was not the worst of it. We know what fighting is, each side slays, each side defends itself fearlessly; those who escape, escape; those who fall—well, there is an end of them; but what is to come after the battle? What will the country say on the morrow? What will the royalists, the communists, the socialists do? Who shall be master? Are we in '92? Are we in 1830 again? Are we to expect the Prussians, the English, or the Russians? Who can tell?

When all goes smoothly, when work is

plenty, when the soldier mounts guard, and the judges dispense justice ; when the women go to church, and the children go to school, we think not of what may come ; we fancy all is well, and that things will go on as they are, for ever ; but when everything is upset, prostrated to the very earth by one sudden stroke, thoughts you never before dreamt of, crowd in upon you.

Emmanuel and I went on, past the Palais de Justice, and over the Pont Saint Michel, through the crowds that were rushing towards the Place de Grève. There was no need for us to speak, for each of us knew what was passing in the mind of the other. Garnier Pagès' question, what sort of a Republic do you want ? then seemed to me a most sensible one. I thought of Perrignon's book, and I asked myself—

“Do we want a Constituent Republic? Do we want a Directory? Do we want Consuls? or do we want something new? If we do, what is it? Jean-Pierre, what do you want?”

I was perplexed for a reply. I thought, “Ah! if Perrignon were by you, he would readily enlighten your ideas.”

I was uneasy about dear old Perrignon, whom I loved like myself; we had been separated by the course of events. What was become of him?

Emmanuel walked on, with his eyes on the ground, without speaking; night was coming, and the people were running about, crying, “The Republic for ever!” Not a living soul knew that a provisional government had been named.

When we got to the Rue Serpente, we saw the *caboulot* was shut; Emmanuel

said, "Come along with me," and we went up the Rue des Mathurins to the Cloître Saint Benoit. It was as dark as pitch, not a lamp to light us; fortunately Ober's door was open, and we went in. Two oil lamps were burning in the room on the left, where a few students were dining in silence. Monsieur Ober was out. We put our muskets in one corner, near the window, and sat down to eat.

Without, far, very far off, we heard the sounds of shouting and firing, at intervals, followed by total silence. The tocsin was ringing still; but as we sat there, the great bell of Nôtre-Dame stopped, and in sudden stillness we could hear the sounds in our immediate neighbourhood, and the footsteps of the passers-by.

As soon as we had dined, Emmanuel said,—

“What shall we do to-night?”

“I do not know,” I said, “now it is all over.”

“I am going to change my clothes,” said he; “my boots are soaked, and clinging to my feet.”

“Very well, let us both go and change,” I said, “and meet somewhere in twenty minutes or half an hour.”

“Well, yes, come you to the Strasbourg brewery, Rue de la Harpe.”

We went out, and just at that moment a large crowd invaded the quarter, calling out, “The Republic for ever.” Some students crossed the cloître, speaking of Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, and Arago. We heard what they said, and as Emmanuel and I parted, he said to me,—

“It appears we have a provisional government; well, that is better than nothing.”

He went up the Rue Saint Jacques, and I made my way to the corner of the Rue des Mathurins, and was just going to turn round, when I saw a piquet of three men led by a corporal in a long brown cape. He had a little square lantern in his hand, and raised it as I drew near.

“What, you, Jean-Pierre ! I am glad to have found you once more, little one.”

It was Perrignon who spoke. He had just established a post of volunteers in the Rue Saint Jacques, at the corner of the Rue Foin, and he was going his first round.

You may fancy how heartily I embraced him ; I promised to come and watch at his post as soon as I had told Emmanuel.

We were just at the beginning of the Rue des Mathurins, so I was only a few steps from home. I went up to my room and changed my clothes, and then hastened

to meet Emmanuel at the Strasbourg brewery.

It must have been about six o'clock, there was not a single jet of gas alight ; a small fine rain was beginning to fall, and on all sides you heard the cry, " Who goes there ?"

It was startling in the dark. I could not help thinking that the Parisians must have some good sense, all the same ; since, in the fear of Bugeaud, they took upon them to mount guard, while the drunkards slept the sleep of intoxication in holes and corners.

Emmanuel was well pleased to hear what I told him, and we felt our way out of the brewery.

In more than one place we saw fires lighted, and men sitting round them, on the displaced stones, smoking, with their muskets slung behind them. These fires

showed the sentinels standing motionless on the barricades, as it flashed on the old houses right and left, in fitful red flames, that rose for a moment and then sank down again, and all was dark.

We were constantly stopped in our progress by the heaps of stones, but we arrived at last at our post, the guard-house in the Rue Saint Jacques, one of the best in the quarter. It was large, and contained a camp bed, and a rack for arms ; and there was a large open chimney on the right, with a blazing fire that it did one good to look at, on such a wet, foggy night.

Round a large oak table ten or a dozen workmen and national guards were sitting, eating and drinking. They had procured a pitcher of wine, and a great meat-pie, of which every one helped himself as he pleased.

"Here comes a reinforcement," said Perrignon, coming forward to shake hands with us as we entered; "have you had anything to eat?"

"We have just left Ober's," replied Emmanuel.

"Well, then, put your guns in the rack; you will mount guard in a quarter of an hour."

The rest went on eating, drinking, and laughing, and relating all they had done the last three days. One talked of the attack of the Château d'Eau; another of the king's flight; another of the carrying off of the throne, and its being burnt on the Place de la Bastille.

Every one had seen something extraordinary. It was there and then that I first heard a national guard sing the air "*Par la voix du canon d'alarme*," which was

sung so much afterwards, that people said, "Oh, if we could only hear the noise of the carts, and the cries in the street once more ! will they never have done singing that in our ears ?"

This national guard had all the verses written out on a slip of paper ; he sang in a little sentimental voice, and we all shouted in chorus, "*Mourir pour la patrie*," till the tears came into our eyes.

Perrignon, who was seated behind us, on the camp-bed, related the invasion of the Chamber, whither the Duchess of Orleans had already repaired with her two children, and the shameful manner in which she had been abandoned by the selfish section of the deputies ; how General Bedeau had waited for orders on the Place de la Concorde, and how neither the ministers nor the president dared to give any. He then

dwelt on the rush of the people into the Chamber; of the persistence of the widowed princess, as she stood there in her mourning attire, calm in the fury of the whelming torrent,—calm, when Marie and Cremieux demanded the provisional government, and Lamartine made his splendid oration, declaring that the will of the nation was supreme, and that the nation alone could decide.

“She would have stayed there till now,” said Perrignon, “all pale as she was, giving thanks to all who spoke in her cause; nothing would have induced her to leave, if the mob had not at last succeeded in filling nearly every bench, and if Ledru-Rollin had not, as we may say, proclaimed the Republic; then the torrent became irresistible, and she was forced to retire before it.”

Perrignon said that the courage of this

lady had touched his heart ; that no queen of France had ever yet exhibited such firmness ; but that of all those, who during eighteen years had silently approved of, and profited by, Louis Philippe's rule, and voted, with their eyes shut, for every measure of his government, not one had the courage to step forth and risk his life in her defence.

He said too, that unhappily, these heartless creatures are to be found under all governments ; they are ready enough to take their place at the board, by elbowing out good citizens, and talking of their own devotion ; making themselves out to be sacrificed, while they are actually feeding on the good things ; but, at the very first shot, they disappear like shadows, their skin is too precious to be scarred by a wound.

"I have seen it all before, my friends,"

said he ; “ the affairs of 1830 discovered to me how far human meanness could fall. Tell me, how many combatants do you think there were behind the barricades yesterday and the day before ? A few hundreds ! Well, to-morrow you will see the victors crawling out of the earth by thousands, like slugs after the rain ; they will brandish their swords, and open their mouths as wide as they can, bawling— ‘ Fall into line,’ ‘ Beat the drums,’— ‘ Forwards !’ Ah,—if the name only of Republic could change this baseness into greatness, it would be a grand thing ; but I do not dare even to hope for it.”

Perrignon went on talking in this way, while he sat on the camp-bed ; and Emmanuel and I listened in silence ; as for Quentin and Valsy, they were fast asleep behind us.

You must know, too, that the patrols came in every few minutes with prisoners ; soldiers from the barrack Foin, and elsewhere, that had been dispersed in the morning, and who hoped to escape during the night. But when they came out of their hiding-places, these poor fellows from Brittany, Normandy, and Alsace, had not gone fifty steps before they were challenged, "Who goes there?"—and it is easy to fancy their astonishment at seeing a sentry, with his piece levelled, ready to perform his duty, call out for the pass-word.

They came up quietly enough, and were then told to go to the post.

When they got to the guard-house, they saw the citizens making merry over their victory, and heard them call out—

"Come in, friends!" — "Warm yourselves!"—"Sit down."—"Take a drink."

They passed them the pitcher and the knife, and not one refused to help himself; on the contrary, after having passed the whole day long in a wood-house, or some such place, they were well-pleased to sit down at table with the defenders of order, and when they were asked what they were going to do, they all replied—

“We shall go home; we did not expect to get our furlough so soon; but all the same, the old folks will not be sorry to see us before the seven years are up.”

That seemed very natural to us; and we thought, too, that for the future, the whole population would form the National Guard, and replace the army. It was the first idea that presented itself. What would France have had to fear, if we had every one been soldiers; those of eighteen to five-and-twenty, ready to march in case of

need ; and those of five-and-twenty to fifty, for the home duty. The Germans and Russians would have let us alone, remembering what they got, for twenty years together, by having meddled with our affairs.

Well !—It was time to relieve guard. Perrignon told us so, and we set off, down the Rue Saint-Jacques, in parties of five or six.

It was I who took the place of the sentry on the first barricade. The pass-word was “Liberty and order.” The rest passed on ; I stood there alone.

The dark night, the steps of those armed men, dying away in the distance, the sentry’s challenge, repeated from post to post, and which seemed to say,—“Beware, citizens ! watch ye well for your country and your liberties,” form altogether one of

the most impressive remembrances of my life. There came, too, uncertain sounds from the Place de Grève, mixed with occasional shots ; the broken lantern flared on the top of the barricade, and, as the fitful red flame shot out from time to time, its reflection fell on the broad pools of water that lay around ; it was a strange, weird scene.

I kept listening. In the street, no sound ; in the distance, the noises and laughter in the guard-house ; a passing patrol, the echo of the muskets, as they are rested on the pavement ; the departure of a picket, the old Sorbonne chiming the half-hours. Oh ! what thoughts throng into the mind in such a place, after such a day ; how it all passes again before your eyes. The magnificent palace of the Tuileries, the tumult on the quays, the municipals, the Hôtel-de-

Ville !—and now, what is coming to pass ? Happily, Lamartine is there ; he is at work, and half a score of the best men of France are helping him ; they are acting for us, they are obliged to think of everything for us.

Yes ! these are great things in the memory of a plain man like me. I often ask myself : “ Oh, did you really see it all, Jean-Pierre ? Did you watch on that barricade ? Is it not all a dream ? ”

I had been there about half an hour, listening through the silence, and thinking over all the incredible changes of the last three days ; nothing moved or stirred, and it seemed as if my watch was to pass thus ; when in the distance behind me, in the direction of the Sorbonne, I heard people coming. It was not a patrol, for they passed our guard-house without stopping. They

were talking in a low voice, and when they reached the corner of the street, and saw the high barricade, they stopped to seek a passage. Then I cocked my gun, and cried,

“Who goes there?”

Three of the party held back ; a fourth, a student of the Polytechnic, climbed up the barricade and said to me,—

“It is Monsieur Arago ; he is going to the provisional government.”

I had heard of Monsieur Arago, but anybody may come on such a night and say, “I am Arago,” “I am Ledru-Rollin,” and they may be enemies all the same ; one is not obliged to take their word ; so I replied, “Go to the guard-house, get the pass-word.”

He went down, and the three others came a few steps forward. The student ran up the street as fast as he could ; Arago was very near the lantern that was blowing

about by the wind. I still fancy I can see the old man with his hands crossed behind his back, and his head bent down. He did not even look at me ; he looked straight before him, fixedly. Yes ! I can see him still, standing in the shadow, with serried lips, the lower one somewhat in advance of the upper, aquiline nose, and heavy gray eyebrows ; absorbed and motionless ; thinking of many things.

The two others stood a little further back in silence.

For Arago, we existed not ; he saw neither men, nor heaped up stones, nor darksome night, nor flickering lantern, nor thickening fog ; he saw only France, the subversion of everything, the army routed ; the courage that would be required to bring things round, and to establish liberty.

I did not know what manner of man was

before me. That it was one of the master spirits of the age ; the firmest, the most upright. I did not know, that from his youth up, he had laboured incessantly for the honour and glory of his country ; and, that, in all lands, Arago was spoken of as one of the greatest geniuses of Europe. No ! I did not know half of it ; and yet, in presence of that noble thoughtful countenance, thoughts of grandeur, and strength, and goodness, and justice, passed through my mind ; and since I have known what a genius was there before my eyes, in that foggy night, in the circumstances which shall be talked of for ages to come, I have him more clearly than ever before my mind's eye, as he stood beside the heap of stones, in the light of the lantern, as it swung to and fro.

The students of the Polytechnic came

running back from the guard-house, and whispered in my ear, "Liberty and Order."

"Pass," I replied.

Perrignon and two comrades had come up at the same time ; but they held back ; Arago and his friends passed through the narrow opening on the left, and Perrignon withdrew.

It was then seven o'clock. I have often heard it stated since, that Monsieur Arago was at the Hôtel-de-Ville, with the other members of the provisional government ; but what I say is the exact truth. Arago could not have reached the Commune till half-past seven. It was still dark as an oven ; he might have had to climb many barricades before he reached ours ; and perhaps he lived a long way off—that I cannot say, but I know what I saw myself.

I was on duty till eight o'clock, and I do

not recollect, that anything else passed before I was relieved. When I got back to the guard-house, Perrignon began talking about the provisional government, of Lamartine, Arago, and Dupont de l'Eure. He said the old house was destroyed, with the exception of one or two old walls of '92, which no conflagration could affect; that neither stones nor mortar were wanting, but that if they changed the architect, and wanted, one a barrack, another a church, another something else, nothing would ever be done.

As for me, I was three parts asleep with fatigue; but for all that, I remember that Perrignon's great fear was that any of these senseless communists should get the upper hand, whom we have since seen doing the work of our enemies so well.

I was on guard again between four and

five ; then came the evening twilight, the danger was over ; everyone retired. I went to my own room, and slept eleven hours at a stretch.

CHAPTER XV.

YOU should have seen the stir amongst the barricades in Paris on February the 25th. Crowds of people, that seemed to have come, as one may say, out of the earth; men crying out, "Hurrah! victory!" The drums were beating the *rappel*, and some of these fine brave fellows were ordering the rest to stand out of the way; the wine shops were wide open, and were full of customers, drinking to the health of the republic; and the three or four lists of the provisional government were stuck up at the corners of the streets; that of the

Chamber of Deputies, that of the Commune, and that of the Prefecture of Police.

Emmanuel, Perrignon, Valsy and I, had agreed to meet at the Strasbourg brewery, at ten o'clock ; but I had slept so late that I was afraid they would be gone. On my way I heard cries of,—

“Do not be too sure. Do not pull down your barricades. The people’s place is behind the barricades. Repair to the Place de Grève. Keep an eye on the Commune. Take care that you are not cheated out of your republic, as in 1830.”

The drums beat, and men whom you did not know from Adam, were flourishing their swords, and shouting, “Form.”

Some few, with muskets in hand, paid attention to the speakers, and started in squads of four, six, or ten, shouldering arms ; while another, let us say their head, ba-

lanced himself backward and forward as he marched along in front, turning round from time to time to see if his troops were following in good order. The main thing was to have a drum, and when that was beating they kept step pretty well.

Unfortunately everybody did not obey these unauthorised orders; for when I reached the Strasbourg brewery, I found a scene of confusion, to which that of the night before, at the Hôtel-de-Ville, was nothing at all. They were all talking and shouting at once; on every table were mounted three or four orators, as they called them, making speeches.

If you listened to the right you heard talk of clubs; if on the left of Vincennes; and in front, and behind, of pledges, the red flag, the rights of labour, and I know not what besides.

It was something so novel, and so extraordinary, that if they had spoken one at a time, you might have sat down to listen to them out of curiosity ; but they all spoke together, without stopping. Each orator had three or four of his own friends round him, and when they saw people coming in, they tried to attract their attention, by telling them "It is such a one speaking," that you had never heard of before.

I remember, that, as I cast a searching glance towards the end of the room to see if I could discover Perrignon, one of these men, in white blouses, came up to me, and said,—
"That is Odénot—the great Odénot—that is speaking ! He has more talent than all the Convention put together." And that, not knowing who Odénot was, I was turning away, when another caught me by the arm, saying,—
"Listen, citizen, that

is Quilliot ! He has more depth than Saint Just."

I should have thought these people were making game of me, if they had not been so serious. I saw, after a while, that they all said the same thing of each other.

In their consciences they believed and thought that Arago, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Marie, and Cremieux were far below the least of themselves, and as having taken their place in the direction of the people. They thought so, for they had been saying so amongst themselves for years ; but they were not mischievous ; all they asked people to do was to take them at their own valuation.

They appeared, then, quite astonished, when Emmanuel, Perrignon, and Valsy, who had waited for me at the brewery, went out with me.

We went down together to the *caboulot*. Perrignon walked first, looking down all the way. All at once he said,—

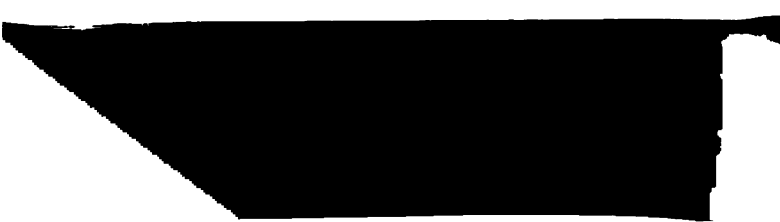
“It is no joke, my friends ; what I feared is coming to pass. These Saint Simonians, these Cabetians, these Fourierists, these Communists of all sorts, are content with speaking at present ; they want to win us over by fair words ; but, as they cannot all be right, we shall be obliged to choose between them, and then the rest will be down upon us. Or else we shall adopt them all, and then we shall have half a score or a score of governments, that will do nothing but fight amongst themselves ; or else the nation will support the provisional government, and all the rest will be our enemies ; and terrible ones, because they will act on their convictions. To-day all passes smoothly, they are satisfied with

speaking; but to-morrow they will grow bitter, and their bitterness will increase, hour by hour, till the battle. I have seen that before. Let us support the government with all our power, it is our only chance."

That is what he said. And that day we dined at our *caboulot* as usual; then I hastened home to write and tell my dear Madame Balais that we had the republic.

The next day, between two and three o'clock, I saw a crowd making for the quays, and as I did not know what it meant, I shouldered my musket to go as far as the bridge of Arcole. The crowd increased every minute, and when I got to the Place Nôtre Dame, I could hardly get along. I arrived, however, in front of the Commune* about three o'clock, and mounted on a heap

* Commune, the Hôtel-de-Ville.



of stones, to see what could be the cause of such a throng. You never saw so many heads, young and old, male and female, so many bayonets, so many flags, all pell-mell together.

Some faces showed themselves, from time to time, behind the lofty windows of the Hôtel-de-Ville ; and, instantly, confused sounds of voices, shouts, and stamping of feet arose and spread to the Quai des Ormes, and beyond the Pont Neuf. Goodness knows how many thousands were there in expectation of something extraordinary.

Except the chant of the Marseillaise, that arose, now on the right, now on the left, all seemed calm. Only as the air was damp and heavy, and the women could not get out of the crowd, you heard them complaining and begging to

go away ; but nobody moved ; they were afraid to take their eyes off the Mairie* for a moment. That was the state of things for more than half-an-hour after my arrival.

All at once a murmur spread through the crowd ; those who were singing became silent. I was sitting down, but I sprang to my feet ; and, at a glance I saw, beyond this vast crowd of caps, and hats, and bonnets, and banners, some men bare-headed and with the tricolour scarf girt about them, coming down the great staircase of the Hôtel-de-Ville. I heard whispered around me the names of Lamartine, Dupont de l'Eure, Louis Blanc. I saw, for the first time, our provisional government. Dupont de l'Eure was very pale, and seemed hardly able to stand ; some one

* Mairie, the Hôtel-de-Ville.

had hold of his arm on each side to support him. The sight of the poor old man thus coming forward in the interest of the people went to one's heart ; all the rest appeared young in comparison with him.

They all came down the sombre stair, till they reached the foot of a kind of stage that had been put up ; and those stairs Lamartine mounted.

He was tall and upright ; the tri-colour scarf was wound around his tall thin form ; he held a paper in his hand, from which he appeared to be reading, but he read not ; his words flowed freely ; and notwithstanding the running murmurs on the *place*, I heard every word he uttered, as if I had been close to him.

"Citizens !" he said, "the provisional government has good news to tell you. Royalty is abolished ; the republic pro-

claimed. The people will have the exercise of their political rights. National workshops are opened for the unemployed workmen. The army is re-organized. The national guard indissolubly united with the people, so that the same hands that have won liberty will maintain order. Lastly, gentlemen, the provisional government desires to announce to you in person, the latest decree that has been signed in this memorable sitting,—the abolition of the pain of death for political offences. It is the noblest law, gentlemen, that ever issued from a people's lips the day after their victory. It is the sentiment of the French nation, that finds vent in a spontaneous heartfelt cry, by the voice of its government. We lay it before you,—there is no greater homage to the people than the spectacle of its own magnanimity."

Lamartine's voice was sonorous, powerful, and measured. It was heard over the *place* as far as a voice could reach ; and when he ended, shouts of "The republic for ever !" "Long live Lamartine !" "Long live the the provisional government !" rent the air, and swelled along the quays and through the adjoining streets like rolling thunder.

You would have thought the republic was secure for ever ; strong and eternal as justice herself.

God did not will it so. Possibly we were not worthy of it.

These things all passed on the 25th or the 26th of February, 1848 ; I do not know exactly which, but I have seen them.

And next I must tell you of the battles of June ; a thousand times more terrible than Waterloo ; for Frenchmen fought against each other, and no matter which

side the victory lay, it covered the land with mourning.

I keep that fearful history for a future day; that every one may have time to reflect on what I have here said, and also, in order to recall my own recollections.

THE END.

